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# CATHOLIC RECORD.

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## THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPES.

ITS ORIGIN PHILOSOPHICALLY AND POLITICALLY CONSIDERED.

“Constitues eos principes super omnem terram.”  
Thou shalt constitute them princes over all the land.

It was in the gradual of the mass, proper to the feast of St. Andrew the Apostle, that we heard these words. That they are applicable, in a dogmatic sense, to the temporal dominion of the successors of Andrew's brother, the blessed Peter, we do not pretend to say. Mother Church, in her infallible wisdom, teaches us, that they are to be applied to the spiritual jurisdiction of the Apostles over the souls of men. We do not quote them as demonstrative of the secular power of the Popes, but as suggestive—so suggestive, indeed, that a person, acquainted with the spiritual prerogatives of the Pontiffs, cannot think of them at all, without regarding, at the same time, the temporal condition of the same. We know it is the mode to-day to make distinctions, and Catholics who inform you that they must march with the times, when they speak of the events of the past twenty years in Italy, will tell you very gravely that, in this “Roman

Question” — perhaps the greatest question of the day—you must distinguish the Roman Pontiff, Spiritual Head of the Church, from Pius IX, late King of the States of the Church. This distinction is undoubtedly admissible; but to be “up to the times,” we must make another distinction on the one already made, and say, in theory there is, and must be, a distinction between the Pontiff and King; but in the present order of things, by which we mean in *present practice*, the distinction is inadmissible. In the war which the powers of darkness have ever waged against the Church, and which they will not cease to wage until the end of time, they change their point of attack with wonderful astuteness; so much so, indeed, that the unwary are often at a loss to decide whether the war be directed against the Church or not. Now, a dogma is openly attacked, then, a point of discipline, and anon, it is only the seizure of a simple

benefice. But whether it be carried on directly or indirectly, it is a war all the same, moved by a hatred which will never be appeased. We know that the Church has canonized men who perished in the defence of her material interests, and we have only to recall St. Thomas a'Becket, as an example. Whether the war be direct or indirect, is only a question of intensity. The war against the temporal sovereignty of the Popes, was always regarded by the Popes themselves as an indirect hostility against the Church. But the events of the past four years in Italy have given a sad proof of the inseparable relation which exists between the temporal dominion of the Church and her existence; not her absolute existence, but that *modus vivendi*, which, at all ages, has made her what St. Paul was to the Gentiles, "All in all to save all." Certainly the *annexation* of a province in itself is no great evil to an institution so divinely gigantic as the Catholic Church. But let us look at the event in its consequences, and we shudder as we behold the dearest interests of the Church in jeopardy. Is not the spiritual independence of the Sovereign Pontiff of vital importance to the Catholic Church? The religious orders, too, are they not the nerve and sinew of the ecclesiastical spirit? And yet the one is ruthlessly trampled upon, while the others are sent adrift on the wide world, to their own imminent peril, and the positive detriment of souls. The sacrileges which are daily wrought in the Eternal City, the insults offered to religion now, in the Holy Mysteries, then, in the clergy, all affect the Church of God to the core, and yet all are consequences of the *annexation* of the temporal domain of the Church, effected September 20th, 1870. Very little reflection, then, on the present condition of Rome, will suffice to convince any one that the war against the temporal power of the Popes is a war against the

Church. Our purpose, however, does not lie here. Ours is a juridical question. We are to bring forth our title-deeds, and prove the legitimacy of our prescription; not for the behoof of our despoilers, who recognize no right save might; but for those who, from ignorance or a want of reflection, confound the one with the other. The title-deeds of the States of the Church are traceable to the eighth century, when Pepin the Short, King of the Franks, and Charlemagne, his son, made the donations to the Church, which, in the present century, are the subject of so much controversy. This is the historical origin, so to speak, of the temporal power, which will be a subject for consideration in another paper. We will go farther back in antiquity than the eighth century—back to the time when Imperial Rome yielded the sceptre to her young rival, just mirrored on the glassy surface of the Bosphorus, and there we will find the foundation-stone of that beautiful edifice, which was afterwards raised by the masterly hand of a Pepin and a Charlemagne. To be concise, then, we affirm that the origin of the temporal power can be traced back to the translation of the capital of the Roman empire from Rome to Constantinople; from that time began that political and sovereign influence which the Popes exercised on the events of Italy for the four succeeding centuries, and which made them sovereigns in fact, though their right to be such was not formally defined until the last half of the eighth century. This is the philosophical origin of the temporal power of the Popes, so called because it is not derived from any particular event in history, but because we shall reason from a series of events, in which each succeeding event tends to explain its predecessor, and the whole series is beautifully developed and explained in the eighth century. Let us premise by stating that, in our reasoning, we will be guided by



that sublime principle in the philosophy of history, established, first, by St. Augustine, and afterwards evolved with so much genius by Bossuet, to wit, that the principal events of the human race have, for their efficient cause, the joint action of Divine Providence and the free will of man; and the final cause of these same events is the propagation, growth, and ultimate triumph of the Church of God upon earth. With this beacon ever gleaming before us, let us examine the final cause of the translation of the capital of the empire from Rome to the shores of the Bosphorus. Why should Rome be abandoned? A glorious tradition was opposed to the fact, and the consequences have proved, to an evidence, that it was a great political blunder. It was untraditional, disloyal, to abandon that Rome, which was connected with all that was great and glorious in the history of the empire. Rome was the favored spot of the gods, the time-honored residence of the heroes of the ancient kingdom of Romulus, of the republic, and of that empire which extended to the farthest limits of the then known world. The thought of Rome, and Thundering Jupiter on the Capitol, nerved the arms of her warriors in Africa, Asia Minor, and Greece. The dearest traditions of the Roman subject were centred in Rome, and had their being there. Why should Rome be abandoned? No political reason can be adduced. The transfer of the capital did not intimidate the Barbarian hosts who were just beginning to show themselves to the civilized world. The forces of the Empire were divided. The great strength of the Roman empire was in its unity, and that unity was Rome, the moving and strength-giving spirit of the whole body of the empire. Add to this, that all the material wealth of the empire had accumulated in Rome, where it thrived and fructified a hundredfold. By the transfer of the

capital this treasure was divided, and what was left was exposed to the incursions of the Barbarians, who had already shown themselves in Europe. No political purpose was obtained by the translation of the capital, and subsequent events prove that it was the death-blow of the Imperial power in the West. This could not have been overlooked by a mind as far-seeing and as penetrating as was that of Constantine. He knew that an event so great and important as the change of the seat of empire, would produce effects proportionately great. Not in the whole philosophy of history can we find an explanation of this fact, if we do not recognize in the event a special interposition of Divine Providence, at whose beck Constantine retired before the rising majesty of the successor of the Humble Fisherman of Galilee. The events of the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries prove, that the translation of the seat of empire was the first and most important step towards establishing the temporal independence of the Roman Pontiffs, which was definitely accomplished in the eighth century. After the departure of the emperor, Rome was governed by a duke, who was appointed by the emperor. This duke was, very often, a Greek, who came to Rome with all the corruption, avarice, and meanness of the court of Constantinople. Meanwhile the emperors gave themselves up to the luxurious mode of living in the East, to which they added an ungovernable passion for dogmatizing. What with their luxury and their theology, they soon became oblivious of the old city on the Tiber, which was a prey to the tyranny of the dukes. These persecuted the Romans with taxes, unjust exactions for the support of the court at Constantinople, and the execution of Imperial mandates, gotten up with the view of breaking the spirit of a people who had been too long accustomed to rule to descend to that

servile subjection demanded by the Cæsars in the East. All this was as nothing compared with the incursions of the Barbarians, who poured down into Italy in hundreds of legions, devastating and laying waste everything. There was no army to drive back such a formidable enemy, and a despairing people turned to one man for sympathy. Who more than their Father could feel for their misery, and pour the oil of consolation into their bleeding wounds? It was but natural that, in the midst of their misfortunes, all consequent on the abandonment of Rome, they should turn to the Sovereign Pontiff, who was not the slave of the emperor, and whose heart was open to receive them. He was vested with a power the highest on earth, and to the venerable majesty of the sovereign pontificate adds, that many of the Pontiffs were men of God, whose sanctity was the theme of everybody, and whose learning, sacred and profane, is even the admiration of more enlightened times. In the abandonment in which the Romans found themselves after the translation of the capital, they would have turned to the very Saracens for sympathy. The Romans, then, would have done violence to their own nature, if, in their misery and abjection, they did not throw themselves into the arms of the Popes, who alone, in virtue of the power and grace which they received from on high, could resist the unjust and ungenerous action of the Greek emperors. But, if the abjection of the Romans was great in the fourth century, what was it compared to the woes of the fifth century, when an army of Barbarians first appeared before the walls of Rome? It was then that the political influence of the Roman Pontiffs began to shine forth in all its glory.

Here Attila, with his myriads, rushed upon Rome, after having destroyed Aquileia, Milan, Pavia, and other cities; it was not the Imperial army, nor the Imperial representa-

tive, who went forth to meet him, and stop him in his march of destruction. Leo, surnamed the Great, had already, even before his election to the chair of Peter, given evidences of his political tact, and, hence, was sent into Gaul by the Emperor Valentinian III, to conciliate Oetius, general of the Imperial forces, and Albinus, prefect of the Pretorian, between whom difficulties had arisen which threatened the overthrow of the empire itself. It was while he was bringing his mission to a happy close, that the unanimous votes of the Roman clergy and people proclaimed him Sovereign Pontiff. As he saved the empire in Gaul, so did he in Italy, when Attila marched upon Rome. Not a word is said about the Duke of Rome in this great event; and though he was accompanied on his mission to Attila by Avienus, a man of consular rank, and Trigetius, prefect of the Pretorian, still all historians agree in giving the merit of the enterprise to Leo, who was hailed, on his return to the city, as the liberator of Rome. When, three years later, Genseric, king of the Vandals, pitched his camp before Rome, not the Imperial representative, but the same Leo made a treaty of peace with him, and a second time saved the city. That to the spiritual cares of Leo the Great were added also civil and municipal offices, appears from his letter to Pulcheria Augusta, wherein he excuses himself for not being present at the Synod of Ephesus. After saying that, for the sake of an ecclesiastical matter, which would be attended to all the same by his legates, he could not suffer his people to fall into despair by deserting his *country* and the Church at a time when everything was in a state of perturbation, he adds: "Therefore, you know that, for the public good, I could not be deaf to the voice of charity, and the prayer, of the citizens." (*Epistolæ Leonis Magni*, editio Ballerini.) This passage is in



direct confirmation of what we have asserted above, that, in the public calamities of the time, the people had recourse to the Sovereign Pontiffs, whose political influence was, even then, regarded as sufficient to stem the tide of the Barbarians. Though, in the interval between Leo the Great and Gregory the Great, we have no luminous examples of the political influence of the Popes, yet there are not wanting facts which prove that they wielded a power which was more civil than ecclesiastical. To condemn heretics is, without doubt, in the province of the Pope; but to burn their writings, and send them into exile, supposes the exercise of the secular power. Thus, St. Hormisdas and St. Symechnus, after condemning the Manichæans, caused their books to be burned in public, and the heretics themselves to be sent into exile.

It was towards the latter end of the sixth century that the Romans became convinced that they had very little to hope for from the emperors. In the year 577, they sent the patrician, Paufronius, to the emperor, Justinian the Second, with a magnificent present, begging the emperor to send an armed force into Italy, which would protect them against the Lombards, who, even at that remote date, were desirous of *annexing* Rome. The Emperor declined to receive the gift, and bade the Patrician buy a Lombard Duke with it; or, if he failed in that, to go to the Franks for relief. Pope Pelagius, in his letter to Gregory, afterwards Pope Gregory the Great, leaves us a description of the misery in which the Romans lived at that period. He writes: "The perfidy of the Lombards has inflicted so many woes upon us, that no one is able to enumerate them." Gregory was, at that time, in Constantinople, and evidently in communication with the emperor; for the letter adds: "Speak, therefore, and make arrangements for aiding us in our

danger." Then he asks that soldiers be sent to Rome, because the "exarch (the Imperial representative at Ravenna) writes that he cannot assist us, and says that he is unable to defend these parts." (Pelagii Papæ II Epistola ad Gregorium Magnum, apud Mansi.) In this letter, also, it is evident that the Pontiff, together with his spiritual ministry, had also the civil welfare of his people to provide for. His petitions to Constantinople were left unheard. When Gregory the Great mounted the pontifical throne, his first care was to make a treaty of peace with Agilulphus, king of the Lombards. In this affair he was not only not seconded by the Imperial power, but the Exarch of Ravenna, making an alliance with a horde of Lombard rebels, spread desolation throughout Italy; nor did he halt in his depredations until he came to the walls of Rome, where death overtook him, and thus Providence saved the city. . . . This is not the only act of civil power recorded of Gregory. We find him sending governors to the Imperial cities here and there, paying the soldiers, giving orders to captains, and performing a hundred such offices which are peculiar to sovereigns only. The reader who wishes to inform himself more thoroughly, can consult the letters of Gregory the Great, to be found in the Patrology of Migne, tome lxxvii. The letters to Velox, knight-at-arms, and to all the Neapolitan soldiers ("ad cunctos milites Neapolitanos") presuppose a civil authority proper only to the emperor himself. Thus, too, Honorius I sends Gaudiosus, the notary, and Anatolius, a captain, to Naples, with military instructions. "Idem (Honorius) Gaudio, notario, et Anatolio, magistro militum, Neapolitanum civitatem regendam committit, et qualiter debeat regi, scriptis informat." (The same Honorius committed the government of the city of Naples to Gaudiosus, the notary, and Anatolius, captain of the

soldiers, with instructions, in writing, how it should be governed.) Cardinal Deusdedit, in his "Collectio Canonum," lib. iii, cap. 149.

It was in the year 633 that Rome again saw an emperor. But he came not as a conqueror to celebrate his triumphs and honor the ancient city, but as a robber, with the foul intent of despoiling the fair city of all her material wealth and beauty. True enough, the Roman treasury was drained, when Leo the Great concluded the treaty with Genseric. But what the ruthless vandal left was seized by the ungenerous Constans. He conceived the idea of bringing back the seat of the empire to Italy. Disembarking at Toranto, he laid siege to Benevento, whence he was shamefully repulsed by the youthful Duke Grimwald. In his rage, he turned towards unfortunate Rome and sacked the city. His unscrupulous cupidity did not spare even the bronze with which the exterior of the Pantheon was decorated. He stayed but twelve days in the city, and left with the maledictions of the Roman people upon him. The hatred of the people was at its height; and had it not been for the mollifying counsels of the Popes, the Imperial power in the West would not have survived the last visit of the emperor. As it was, there were scenes of bloody vengeance enacted in Ravenna, and even in Rome, which were anything but auspicious to the Imperial sway in Italy.

We have passed hurriedly to the end of the seventh century. We have not examined the pontificates of each succeeding Pope, but we have seen enough to establish the existence of a recognized civil authority and influence in the Popes. We have seen them exercise sovereign acts, and we may well ask ourselves, Whence came this authority? Not from ambition, surely, as some writers have not hesitated to affirm. But in that assertion they intimate how ignorant they are of the history

of the times and the character of a Pope. Let us take the most conspicuous among those whom we have seen exercising sovereign authority, Gregory the Great. He was so far from all earthly ambition, that, after having tried every possible means, even flight, to escape the honor of the pontificate, he complained bitterly, because, together with his spiritual cares, he was overwhelmed with temporal matters; saying that he was "discharging the duties of governor rather than of supreme pastor." It may be asked what right the Popes had to assume this authority! We answer, that they not only had the right to yield to the prayers of an abandoned people, crying for aid, protection, and sympathy; but charity itself, zeal for the public weal, nay, justice, imposed it upon them as a duty. Thus did Leo the Great understand the matter, as we saw in his letter to Pulcheria; thus, too, St. Gregory, and after these, so many other Popes celebrated for sanctity and learning. To these considerations we will add another which has its own importance. The Church of Rome was immensely wealthy. Long before Constantine gave peace to the Church, and made generous donations to her, she was possessed of no inconsiderable wealth, the result of the charity of the faithful. We do not presume to hold that Constantine made a donation of Rome to Sylvester I, as a fresco in the stanze of Raphael would lead us to believe, and as some assert. But the presents which he made to the Church of Rome were so rich and numerous that the Popes, who were the administrators of this wealth, were as powerful princes. The Deacon John, in his life of Gregory the Great, enumerates not fewer than twenty-three patrimonies of the Church of Rome, situated in different parts of Italy. Some of these patrimonies consisted of villages, towns, and often whole cities. In times of tribulation, public calami-



ties, such as invasions, plagues, and the like, the Roman Pontiffs distributed princely alms, and we read of their maintaining entire cities. The people then, in addition to protection and sympathy, could also hope for material assistance, and this never having been refused, endeared them to the Popes more and more as their misfortunes multiplied.

The Popes, then, up to this time, both on account of the supreme dignity with which they were vested, the untold wealth which they possessed, and the paternal charity which they exercised, were already almost sovereigns in fact, though they had not yet received the name, nor had their right been formally proclaimed. We say this, not with a view of inferring that, from this sole fact, they had the right of becoming sovereigns, but to show how natural it was that they should become such. What we have said now is applicable to the then known world; for Christianity was everywhere in affliction in those days. But the Roman people especially seemed to suffer for the whole Church, as the Rome of the Popes provided for the whole Church. Hence, if God's people, throughout Italy, looked upon the sovereign pontiffs as temporal princes, with how much more reason should they be regarded and loved as such by the Romans, who lived and had their being in the very bosom, if we may so speak, of Papal love and charity? The superhuman splendor of the Vicar of Christ ever gleamed in their eyes with a brightness which nothing could eclipse, and, if the great conqueror of Maxentius was obliged, in obedience to an unknown impulse, to withdraw from the presence of such a majesty and retire to the shores of the Bosphorus, how much more so a pusillanimous duke, the representative of an effeminate emperor? This influence, then, call it sovereign, political, civil, or what you will, first began to show itself as

soon as the emperors abandoned the city of the Seven Hills. Therefore, the power which this influence created began there, as in its first cause. We shall not give a name as yet to this power, but shall pass on to a review of the events of the first half of the eighth century; events which were modified and received a positive character from this very influence, so great and powerful had it become.

The heresy of Leo the Isaurian, or he is better known as the Iconoclast, is well known to every one. The mania for dogmatizing seized the rugged warrior from Isauria, even as it had the weak Imperial puppets who could not resist the flattery of the Greek patriarchs and bishops. His dogma was as rude and uncultured as his own nature, and the Church of the East paid a tribute of blood to his fury, of which a just estimate can only be found in the Book of Life. In the West, however, the foolish pride of the pseudo-dogmatic Augustus met with a rebuff, which was, in part, the cause of his losing, later on, the most ancient and most glorious province of the empire. The See of Peter was at that time occupied by the holy Pope, Gregory II. He began his reign (715) by providing for the defence of the city, and he it was who constructed that part of the walls of the city, extending from the gate of St. Lawrence towards Porta Maggiore. The saintly Pope, however, as long as the emperor persevered in the goodness which marked the first ten years of his reign, endeavored to sustain the Imperial power in the West, and spoke kindly of him to the kings in Italy and elsewhere. He writes to the emperor, "God is witness that we have read all your letters to us, in the ears and in the hearts of the kings of the West, obtaining their peace and good will for you." But when the emperor endeavored to introduce his heresy into the West, and wanted to convoke a general

council, he writes to him in a different tone: "You have written that a general council be convened, and it seems useless to us. You are a persecutor of images, a contumelious enemy, a destroyer. Cease, and do us this favor, to be silent; then the world will have peace, and scandals will cease. Cease, and be silent; then there will be no need of a council." This letter, instead of being received with submission and good will, only exasperated the emperor, and his hatred against the Pope became so violent that he resolved to have him murdered. He accordingly sent the patrician Paul, who was then Exarch of Ravenna against Rome with a considerable force (727). The Lombards who were at Spoleto, then joined in a league with the Romans, and entering the city with these they kept up a valorous defence. The troops of the exarch could not pass Ponte Salaro. After the exarch retired in disgrace, the Lombards too returned home, nor do we find them ever after united with the Romans. After this fact the emperor became more and more unpopular, as the Pope acquired new influence daily. This appears from a letter of Gregory II to the emperor, in answer to a vain boast, made by the latter, that he would come to Rome, break the statue of St. Peter, in St. Peter's, and carry the Pope off to Constantinople. After saying that he is unworthy of the fate of St. Martin, who was taken to Constantinople and had his eyes put out, the Pope adds, "Because the whole West beholds our lowliness, and has confidence in us, although we are not much; and in him whose image you threaten to break, in St. Peter, who is venerated by all the kingdoms of the West as a God upon earth. If you wish to come and make a trial, know you that the people of the West are most ready to vindicate, even the people of the East, whom you have outraged. If you send any of your followers to break the image of

St. Peter, bear in mind, we protest, that we are innocent of the blood which will be spilt; it will fall on your head."

These are the words, not only of the spiritual head of the Church, but of one who had a material force at his disposal sufficient to defy the threats of a vain emperor. Leo then sent an imperial edict to Rome, commanding the Pope, under pain of death, to consent to his heresy. Then the Italian people and the Lombards rose to a man, in defence of the Pope. The Italians refused obedience to the exarch, and they would have gone to Constantinople, with an army, to depose the emperor, but for the intervention of the Pope.

Luitprand, King of the Lombards, seized this opportunity to lay siege to Ravenna, whence he soon expelled the Exarch Scholasticus, and *annexed* Pentapolis. Though Leo, the Isaurian, merited such a punishment, still Gregory II not only was not a party to this *annexation*, but, notwithstanding that he suffered much from the emperor and the exarchs, he endeavored to reinstate Scholasticus. With this view, he wrote a letter to Ursus Participatius, Doge of Venice, in which he begged the doge to reinstate the exarch, and recover the province of Pentapolis for the Emperor Leo. In conformity with the wishes of the Pope, the power of the exarchs was again restored, and the Imperial sway in the West still prolonged. This fact, in itself, would be sufficient to vindicate the Pontiffs of those times from the slightest shadow of ambition. It proves, too, like the events of the preceding centuries, that the Popes did not seek after temporal power, but that it was forced upon them by the very necessity of the times. When in 728 Luitprand seized the castle of Sutri, Gregory wrote to him, and threatened him with the vengeance of God if he failed to make restitution. The castle was restored, *not to the emperor*, but to St. Peter,



and the act of restoration is called "*restitutio Sancti Petri*"—the restitution of St. Peter. Again, when the same doughty warrior, seduced by the Exarch Eutichius, marched upon Rome, Gregory II, like another Leo, went out of the city to meet them, and his eloquence was so touching that they swore to abandon their purpose. In connection with this fact, we would make an observation which cannot be avoided, and which establishes more and more what our purpose is to prove.

If Rome was ruled at that time by a duke subordinate to the emperor, the attempted attack of Eutichius, likewise dependent on the emperor and appointed by him, remains inexplicable. That Eutichius wished to arrogate to himself supreme power over the exarchy and the Roman province, to the utter exclusion of the emperor, is inadmissible, as subsequent facts prove. We read of him soon after, with the aid of the Pope, suppressing a rebellion in Tuscany, cutting off the head of the leader, Tiberius, surnamed Petasius, and sending it as a trophy to the emperor. Therefore we must conclude that, at the time of Eutichius's march on Rome, the province was governed by Gregory II. Gregory II figures in the history of those times as Pontiff and King. If he restored the walls of Rome; if he induced the Venetians to reinstate the Exarch of Ravenna; if he obtained from Luitprand the restoration of Sutri; if he appeased the same barbarian before the walls of Rome, what are all these acts but the exercise of a sovereign power? And yet he still endeavored to maintain the Imperial power in Rome, even against the emperor's own officials, who looked upon Rome as belonging to St. Peter. The remark of Muratori is to the point. Speaking of Gregory II he says: "If the holy Pontiff wished, it was all over with the Greek emperors in Italy; but it was sufficient for him to defend the cause of the

Church, and his own life, and to hinder a rebellious people from electing a new emperor." St. Gregory II is regarded by many writers as the first "Pontiff and King." He died in the year 731, and was succeeded by Gregory III.

After this period we hear no more of the persecutions of the emperors. They were not recognized any longer in the Roman province, while the power of the exarchs was rapidly dwindling away. From the day of his coronation to that of his death, Luitprand had one all-absorbing ambition. He wished to make one kingdom of Italy, with Rome as its capital. The Lombard war began in 738, and terminated with Desiderius, the last of the Lombard kings. Luitprand first began to ravage the province of Ravenna. Then moving towards Rome he stopped at Spoleto, where he endeavored to form a league with the Dukes of Spoleto and Benevento in the south. But they rejected his advances, saying, "*Contra Ecclesiam Sanctam Dei, ejusque populum peculiarem non exercitabimus; quoniam et pactum eum eis habemus, et ex ipsa Ecclesia fidem accepimus.*" (We will not war against the Holy Church of God and his favorite people, because we have made a treaty with them, and have received the faith from the Church.) (See letter of Gregory III to Charles Martel, Epistola I, Codex Carolinus, Editio Cenni.) The Duke of Spoleto, not being able to resist the Lombards, retreated to Rome, whither Luitprand followed, with the intention of reducing the city. It may be well to observe here, before going farther, that in the reply of the Dukes of Spoleto and Benevento, the temporal sovereignty of the Roman Church is clearly implied. "We shall not war against the Holy Church of God and his favorite people, because we have made a treaty with them." Therefore, to war against the Roman people was identical with warring

against the Church of God. Hence we conclude that the Church of God in those times governed the Roman people. This is abundantly proved in the celebrated letter of Gregory III to Charles Martel, King of the Franks, to whom the Pope appealed for protection against Luitprand. At the first appearance of the Lombards, the Pope had taken the keys of the tomb of St. Peter, with a part of his chain, which, with a letter imploring relief, he sent to the King of the Franks. Charles promised immediate assistance, but delayed to make good his promise. Gregory then wrote that celebrated letter, in which he conjured Charles by the living God to save Rome and the patrimony of St. Peter. "Conjuro te in Deum vivum et verum, et ipsas sacratissimas claves Confessionis B. Petri, quas robis ad rogam direximus," etc. (I conjure you by the living and true God, and by the holy keys of the Confession of St. Peter, which we have sent to you as a petition.) (Troya, Codex Diplomaticus Longobardorum, No. DXXII.) Meanwhile Luitprand, who had encamped in Nero's meadows, sacked the basilica of St. Peter, which, at that time, was outside the walls of the city, and seized many of the Roman nobles who lived at their villas without the city. Still Charles delayed, and Gregory sent him another letter. The chronicles of those times are silent about the means used by Charles Martel to induce Luitprand to give up the siege. They only tell us that soon after the fiery Luitprand was the powerful ally of Charles Martel in driving the Saracens out of Provence.

Gregory III died in 741, and was succeeded by Pope Zachary, whose name is but another for sweetness and gentleness. Soon after his accession to the throne, he sent legates to King Luitprand, demanding the restoration of the four cities, Blera, Bomarzo, Ameria, and Orta, which Luitprand had seized in the reign of

Gregory III. The king promised to comply with the Pope's request, but his cupidity was too strong to allow him to give up such a rich booty. The Pope seeing that the king had forgotten his promise, resolved to visit him in person. Setting out from Rome in state, he met the king at Narni, where he used all his eloquence and sweetness to induce the king to make restitution. The king was moved, and signed forthwith, not only the act of restoration of the four cities mentioned, but gave up to the Pope the patrimony of the Church which he had seized thirty years before in the Sabine country, together with the cities of Narni, Ancona, Osimo, Umana, and the valley called Val Grande. (See Troya, Codex Diplomaticus Longobardorum, No. CCCCXXIX.) The following Sunday, after the celebration of Mass, the king dined with the Pope, when the royal barbarian, with rude frankness, confessed that he never ate so much before. (*Ubi cum tanta suavitatem esum sumpsit, et hilaritate cordis, ut diceret ipse Rex, tantum se nunquam meminisse comessatum, Anastasius, in Zacharia.*) This was in 742. In the following year, Luitprand laid siege to Ravenna, where the exarch still represented the mere shadow of the imperial power in the West. He seized the city of Cesena, and would soon have reduced Ravenna but for Zachary, who, moved by the prayers of Eutichius and the people of Ravenna, appeared once more before the rugged Lombard. He was not less successful on this mission than on the first, and Luitprand gave up Cesena and withdrew his army from Ravenna.

Luitprand was succeeded by Rachiz, who began his reign by seizing Perugia. But, like his predecessor, he was not proof against the sweetness of Zachary, and relinquished his conquest, and soon after abdicated and retired to the monastery of Monte Cassino. His brother Astulphus mounted the throne of the Lom-



bards, and the first deed recorded of him is the seizure of Ravenna with the final expulsion of the Exarch Eutichius, the last representative of Imperial power in the West. Constantine Capronimus, "*catulus patre crudelior*," as Zonard terms him (a whelp more cruel than his father), was too much occupied with the war against sacred images to grieve at this loss. The Exarchy of Ravenna began in the year 568, and fell in 751, after an existence of one hundred and eighty-four years. That it lasted even that long is due to the Roman Pontiffs, who, time and again, averted the deathblow, which finally fell under King Astulphus. Zachary died in 752. If the sovereign and political influence of the Popes was great in his two predecessors, it was greater and more glorious still in Zachary, and we shall see it in all its brilliancy in the successor of Zachary, Stephen II, in whom the right and title of "Pontiff and King" were finally and formally defined.

We shall stop here in our historical review, because subsequent facts have more to do with the historical and definite origin of the temporal power of the Popes. We have merely touched upon some of the principal facts of the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries, with a few facts in the early part of the eighth century. But we have seen enough to establish the conclusion, that long centuries before the Popes were called Kings, they were such in fact. We have seen their influence on the events of Italy beginning to show itself, immediately after the translation of the capital from Rome to Constantinople. We have seen that influence increasing, and waxing more powerful, up to the eighth century, when it showed itself a power second to none in Italy. And now, with these premises, and the fundamental proposition of St. Augustine before us, let us draw our conclusion, which is this: the philosophical origin of the temporal power of the

Popes is traceable to the foundation of Constantinople. We do not draw this conclusion from the sole fact of the translation of the capital. But that fact, entirely incomprehensible in itself, for the reasons adduced in the beginning of this paper, receives light and explanation in the events which followed. Now the events of these four centuries bear testimony to a steadily increasing influence of the Popes in the political events of Italy. That influence had its origin in the abandonment of Rome by Constantine, in the state of utter helplessness in which the Romans found themselves after that event. Therefore, the power which that influence created in the course of time had its origin in the same event. This gradual creation of the temporal power of the Pontiffs is without a parallel in the history of nations. Not in the whole history of ancient or modern times, can we find a sovereignty, whose origin is so remote, or whose basis so firmly established. Its beginning was almost imperceptible, for it resulted from the very nature of things. It was spontaneous, and went on tranquilly increasing until it became a mighty element. Two very important observations rise from the consideration of this fact. First, that nothing could be more natural than the existence of this power, because its quiet and increasing growth could only come from natural causes in the moral order. Invasions, conquests, revolutions, and political tact are capable of raising up governments in a very short space of time. But this is art and violence. A steady growth with rule and measure is nature's work, and just because it was nature's work, the Papal sovereignty has lived so long, and defied so many aggressions. This observation is for the behoof of those who recognize no supreme principle in the philosophy of history, such as in the theorem of St. Augustine. We make the second observation in the light of a beloved proposition.

The temporal kingdom of the Popes, as it began, and as it increased, shows the directing hand of divine Providence. Certainly no king in this world can be such without the *grace of God*, or to put it more clearly, without the permission of God ; who, being the Supreme Ruler of human events, governs, in an especial manner, the actions of earthly potentates. But, in the elevation of the Popes to royal power, the hand of God becomes the more manifest, the less the Popes themselves contributed to such an event. They were raised to such an honor almost without their knowing, and certainly contrary to their own intentions, being carried thither by the force of circumstances over which they had no control, and which no one could foresee. Therefore, we must recognize the finger of God in the whole series of events, which gave rise to the temporal power. On the other hand, all this harmonizes perfectly with the end for which the temporal power was instituted. Since

this sovereignty was destined for his own Church, to render his own Vicar independent and efficient in the exercise of his apostolic ministry, it was only just that God should institute such a sovereignty. Hence, if the temporal sovereignty cannot be called *of divine institution*, like the spiritual sovereignty, still it cannot be termed a mere *human institution*, like other sovereignties. No, the temporal power of the Popes holds an intermediate place, and may, without exaggeration, be called a *providential institution*—providential, because it was the long but vigorously increasing work of centuries ; providential, because it arose from contradictory causes, over which neither the Popes themselves, nor any one else, had any control ; providential, in a word, because no man created it, for it began imperceptibly, away back in the fourth century, when Rome yielded the Imperial sceptre to her young rival, just mirrored in the glassy surface of the Bosphorus.

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#### IN FEBRUARY.

WAIL, O wind, and shake the willows,  
 'Neath the bleak gray sky ;  
 Groan and roar, ye ocean-billows,  
 While the gale is high !  
 Violets, come not from your earth-cells,  
 Though the spring is nigh ;  
 Come not up, O tender blue-bells,  
 No birds homeward fly !  
 All the land is robed in mourning—  
 Ashes—garments rent—  
 With no bud or leaf adorning,  
 Nature keepeth Lent.  
 Out of sorrow cometh gladness ;  
 To dawn night leads the way ;  
 And from out these weeks of sadness  
 Shineth Easter Day !  
 Hope, O flowers, now in prison,  
 Soon in spring's soft air  
 Ye shall greet the Lord arisen ;  
 Waiting ones, prepare !



"THIS MRS. JAMES."

SHE was Florry Lawton's governess, but beyond this fact and her name, no one in the circumscribed world wherein her lot was cast knew anything about her. She had been a month employed in the capacity mentioned above, and had given to Mrs. Lawton "entire satisfaction," chiefly because she never, by any chance, crossed that lady's path. With the exception of meal-times and the hours appointed for Miss Florry's studies, she was always as completely invisible to the household as if she did not belong to it. That she possessed rare capabilities for teaching, was evident from the rapid progress of her pupil, but except by this one circumstance, she gave to no one an opportunity of finding out what were her powers of mind, for she never spoke, except from necessity. By this faculty of keeping out of the way, she also won the approbation of Florry's older sister by courtesy, Miss Lawton, "governesses," as she confidentially remarked to her dearest friend, "are, as a general thing, so intrusive on one's company, and so pretty too, dreadful bores, I assure you! This Mrs. James is a jewel for minding her own business!"

To Florry, the spoiled girl of ten, "this Mrs. James" was a kind and patient teacher, who understood her duties, and fulfilled them strictly. To every one of the servants, she was "a real lady" that "they pitied," for whenever she met them, she had a smile or a courteous word to bestow, besides which, a great bribe for their regard, she gave them no trouble. She waited on herself, kept her own room in order, and attended to her own sewing; in fact, she seemed to wish to live apart from every one as much as possible. Quiet and solitude appeared to constitute the aim of her existence.

The only things connected with every-day life that interested her at all were newspapers, and for these she seemed to have a mania. The number that arrived for her every morning was astonishing; if she had been an editor, and had received but half the quantity, she would still have possessed a respectable list of exchanges. I have said, she seldom spoke or attracted the attention of any one; but if she heard the name of a paper mentioned, she was always sure to put the question immediately, "Can you tell me where it is published?" If informed where, in a few days after, that paper would come, directed to her address. This happened more than once, but was noticed only by the master of the mansion. He asked her one day, laughing, "what in the world she did with all the papers so collected?"

"Read them, Mr. Lawton," she answered, with a sort of gentle courtesy that always characterized her manner; "they form my only luxury."

Being of an inquiring turn of mind, he discovered, the very day he got this simple and satisfactory answer, that, from the time the budget arrived till the time it found its way to the waste-paper basket, scarcely more than an hour elapsed, as a general thing. And though by no means remarkable for literary talent, he was able to understand that a steam-pace in the way of reading could not compass the perusal of "Mrs. James's collection," as he called it, in that period. So he muttered to himself decisively, the polysyllable "*Extraordinary!*" and took an interest in the governess forthwith. This interest was curious, since it first found existence in curiosity, but it was kindly, too.

Luke Lawton was one of a large class to be found in this republican

land of ours, who from refined minds claim admiration and compassion. From Mrs. James, he had both, before she had been a week under his roof. The class is that of your wealthy, uneducated business men, with minds great enough to have grasped at, and mastered some noble science, but, for want of opportunity to do this, devoted, and successfully, to that one study open to all, making money. What ingenuity, what clear understanding, what practical sense, what unflinching energy, what mighty perseverance, they possess! How great, how amazing that success of theirs; what obstacles they crush down, what wonders they arrive at! They form an admirable spectacle. But the end? A town-house, a country-house, a supply of fine clothes, a luxurious table, a regiment of servants, a carriage and horses, a crowd of flatterers and parasites, a few fawning paragraphs in fashionable journals, a — carved, exquisitely designed, richly ornamented family vault. Ah! they form a pitiable spectacle! It is sad to see how great might have been the purpose of their strivings, and how little it was. But they could not help all this, they indeed "knew not what they did."

Luke Lawton once swept crossings, and now he was worth a million, likely to be worth two, in a very short time; had the ex-crossing sweeper a wish beyond this? The world said: no. Luke's secret soul contradicted: yes. The mind that had acquired that golden million, was empty even with it in its grasp, and cried, with all the pain the void caused, for knowledge. Its owner would have willingly given that acquired million, and the other in perspective, to be allowed to commence his battle of life again without a cent, and with education.

He could write and read; his signature was a bold, firm, peculiar-looking affair; he had taught himself first to trace it with his broom-handle in the dust. That was long

ago, of course, and it was an attempt at printing then, but though perfected into writing now, it still retained the impress of the first effort. The most skilful arithmetician could not have excelled him in solving mentally and speedily a difficult problem of figures in any of the rules necessary for business, yet he had never studied from a book even the first principles of the science. Men like him generally have a hobby of the mind, and strange to say, it generally consists of what they understand least. Luke's was geography, a study of which he knew nothing whatsoever, but as he imagined himself perfect in it, he was as happy on the subject as if he had really been so. Arithmetic for his hobby might have passed, but geography exposed him.

He was reputed to be stingy; money-makers always are. He was indeed often guilty of stingy acts, generally in petty things, too. These were the mere effect of habits acquired in the working of his life-task, and sweet flashes of generosity bursting out, now and then, in spite of these habits, showed the natural impulses of that warped mind of his. Cruel he was also said to be; the exactions laid upon his tenants, notwithstanding their poverty, formed ground for the accusation. But it was Peter Bare, the agent, not Luke Lawton, the landlord, who deserved it. The latter's cruelty was only ignorance of his own affairs; the former's was deliberate harshness.

So much for his mind; as to his outward man, it was in no way remarkable. Take a good look at any one of those short comfortably built gentlemen, with the most faultless of broadcloth suits, that you meet in the streets every day, and you have his likeness. Brown calculating face, gray-sprinkled hair and whiskers to frame it; clear, inquiring eye, solid forehead; they all have these. Prosperity written all over them, too, from the sleek, shin-



ing hat to the well-polished boot ; you read it whether you like or not, it stares you so persistently. The men take off their hats to it ; the ladies salute it respectfully ; the newsboys look reverentially upon it ; the beggars are afraid to say : " Please give me a cent ! " to it ; the individual over whom it is so plainly written—Luke Lawton in the present case—he, well he is covered up in it, ignored ! While it maintains its presence, it does not make the slightest difference who he is.

Such, then, was this singular Mrs. James's one friend, if, indeed, that curious, kindly interest he had resolved to give her could merit for him the name ; and about the same as this which I have written was her estimate of his qualities. She did not know he had commenced silently to take note of her proceedings, wondering at her eccentricity, but willing to serve her if he could, so she merely kept out of his way as well as that of the rest, and went on steadily in her own, isolated and, as she supposed, forgotten. To an observer of human nature, it would have been a task fraught with interest of the rarest kind to note down the various phases of the silent watch set upon her by the taciturn, calculating business-man. It was so systematic, yet so perfectly unobtrusive ; not one movement of hers but he managed to get knowledge of, yet no one knew he troubled his head about anything but dollars and geography. And his study of herself was so minute in its researches—those clear, inquiring eyes of his peeped, by degrees, into every nook and cranny of her so carefully veiled character, each fresh glimpse bringing a repetition of that meaning polysyllable, "*Extraordinary !*" It expressed everything : admiration for the wonderful, royal beauty of which she was so proudly unmindful ; curiosity about the haughty reserve she kept up so strictly ; reverence for the powers of mind she

never cared to display ; pity for the tender suffering of a woman's heart that now and then, when she thought no one saw, was allowed to write its name in her sweet eyes. Ah ! the study and the watch were softening ministers in his heart ; the sharp ring of metal coins was finding a rival there that brought pleasure it had never offered him.

On a day when Florry was free from lessons, Mrs. James invariably went away in the morning and did not return till night had fallen. Then her cautious watcher would observe that, for several succeeding days, a little gleam of sunshine dwelt quietly amongst the clouds on her face ; she was more cheerful, less silent, more inclined for society, and if he happened to catch a glimpse of her when she was thinking—an occupation of which she seemed very fond—a smile on her lips said her thoughts had some happiness to turn aside their usual bitter and sorrowful current. All these changes in her demeanor were so very slight, however, that to an ordinary observer they would have been entirely imperceptible. Where she went was, of course, a tantalizing mystery to him, and some method of penetrating it, a matter of serious deliberation on his part. To follow her was a thing his rude, but true, sense of honor forbade ; to inquire of others regarding her, a fruitless effort, since it appeared that no one knew her, and no method but these could possibly occur to him. But on the day my story opens, Florry's birthday, chance or fortune favored him.

A friend of his, a stranger in the city, asked him to obtain for him the privilege of going through the Catholic Orphan Asylum for Boys. He knew the place well ; it was one where his peculiar generosity had often found objects ; memories of himself growing up in desolation and ignorance made his heart look kindly upon the home for such as he

had been in the days when he swept crossings. So he often visited the place, and as often left behind him solid tokens of his presence. He liked to watch the boys, and was allowed willing admittance to their rooms by the Superiors. To see him amongst them, you would indeed scarcely believe him to be the Luke Lawton denominated stingy and cruel by the public. The hard, brown face so softened, so lit by genial smiles; the friendly hand extended to the little crowd full of clamorous joy that he was there; the hearty, kind voice answering their welcome, would mystify you completely. He was metamorphosed as by a spell—a spell was truly about him there, for there, as he often said to himself, he always forgot there was such a thing in the world as The Dollar. Accompanying his friend to the place this day, he found a Sister to show the party through the house, and then betook himself to the boys' playground, saying, "A view of what went on there would interest him more than a view of the building."

After five minutes of hand-shaking, and five more spent in answering exclamations, he was informed by one busy little fellow, who held on to his coat, that they'd "got a new boy" since he was there.

"A new boy, Dick; why you often get new boys, don't you?"

"Yes, sir; we git 'em every day, but you wern't here for mor'n a month, and he's the only new un all that time, so you see he's awfully new."

"Where is he?"

"Why he's got a mother, an' she came to see him to-day, so he's with her."

"And what kind of a boy would you call him, now, Dick?"

"A precious queer one, I tell you, Mr. Lawton—not like us, no how."

"Is he good?"

"Yes, sir, awful good; he never plays, nor licks nobody, nor does

nothin'. Gosh! he's like a girl" (this with ineffable contempt).

A smile upon the listener's face.

"He's a swell, I think," broke in one of the larger boys; "stuck up, you see, Mr. Lawton, that's it."

"No, he isn't, Mr. Lawton," said a delicate little fellow; "he's good to me, and reminds me of my brother that died. And, to-day, his mother brought him two peaches, and he slipped away and gave one of them to me, because he thinks I'm sick." His thin cheek was flushed with the speaking, and he shrunk back as if he were ashamed of having said so much.

Luke Lawton patted him kindly on the head—

"Stand up for him then, boy, you're right." His voice was very tremulous—a vision of a ragged little crossing-sweeper long ago, sharing his crust with another, was conjured up by the child's words.

"Want to see him, Mr. Lawton?" cried Dick, the first speaker, "want to see Paul—that's the new boy?"

"Yes; but is not he with his mother?"

"She don't care; they're right down there," pointing to a little summer-house covered with vines.

"Come along then," he laughed a ringing laugh, and threw a handful of nickels in the air, "who'll leave now?"

How he enjoyed the scramble! how he rubbed his hands and roared, while they tumbled over each other, and "pitched into" each other, and performed that wonderful crowd of gyrations that no other known animal but a boy *can* perform!

"Soft, easy!" he whispered to himself, and on the backs of the stooping scramblers he sent a shower of nuts.

Did you ever hear a boy cry "ouch," a monosyllable peculiar to boys alone? If you did, you can imagine the extraordinary din that saluted his ears in return for the blows. But when the blows turned



out to come from nuts, what a scene ! Luke Lawton grew scarlet in the face with his merriment, and sat down to laugh comfortably. What were dollars to him then ? They were heaps of dust—he had made the boys happy.

Softly, softly, a wee, spare hand was laid on his arm. He turned and saw the pale-faced child.

"Mr. Lawton please—"

"Well, my boy, run get some nuts and cents."

"No, sir, thank you, sir ; they may have them all, if you'll only—"

"Well, what ? I'll do it. Out with it."

The upturned face was so wan, and lonely, and beseeching.

"Come," was the sweet, little whisper, "come get to know Paul, maybe you can do him some good, sir ; and he's so kind to me, and I can't—"

"Go on boy, go on ;" the voice was husky.

"I can't ever do anything for him, but get you to know him."

The beautiful tale in the eager face ! Ah ! what dimmed Luke Lawton's eyes as he looked and listened ? He stood up silently, half dreaming, and followed the guidance of the wasted little hand.

It led him to the threshold of the green summer-house, and there, with the back toward him, sat a stately figure of a woman all draped in black, her long, dark hair straying gracefully about her shoulders and bosom, and sometimes rippling into shining waves upon the way. Leaning against this, with face upturned, was a second, the figure of a boy, not round of form, and free of limb, and quivering with the quick life belonging to his age, but shrunken and stooped, and quiet in its wearied position. And the face looking up to the mother's ! Like one of a child made aged by some sudden blight ; one that could never seem young again, striking in its weird expression of that blight and that end to

youth. But the little forehead was a temple of intellect ; the large gray eyes were exquisite with thought beyond a boy's ; these were full of a beauty too grand for the looker, just then looking on, to find. A crutch lay beside the little form, and one limb hung useless on the mother's dress—poor Paul was a cripple.

"Mamma," said he, "I wish God would let me live with you and papa again."

"Papa ; never ! Oh, my darling, my poor child !" There was agony in the voice, and to Luke Lawton's ear it was not a strange one. She turned her face to hide it from the boy—it looked full upon him, pale, suffering, beautiful beyond words—Mrs. James's !

Astonished for the moment, she said nothing ; confused past expression, he was silent too. As the wonder slowly faded from her eyes, a deadly terror seemed to take its place ; her hand involuntarily grasped the boy as if she feared being deprived of him ; the movement spoke more eloquently than words, and to it Luke Lawton replied :

"Safe as ever, Mrs. James, safe as ever. The whole thing's an accident, 'pon my honor. I know no more now than before ; but—but," he hesitated and looked kindly into her eyes, "suppose you'd trust me, ma'am ?"

She cast a tender glance upon her crippled boy.

"In what ?" faltered her pallid lips.

"In whatever you want help about," was the straightforward but very gently spoken reply ; "'pon my honor I'd be glad to do something for you."

"Come here, Paul—your little friend here brought me to see you."

His quick eye had found out that the proud woman was conquering emotion, and he wished to relieve her from an immediate reply by this mode. The child took his crutch and came over to him ; he stood be-

fore him leaning on it, and looking up into his face for a moment, then as if satisfied with what he read there, said courteously, with a well-bred air quite winning in itself:

"You are very kind, sir; I am sure I am obliged to you for coming."

"Not at all, my fine fellow; I'm sorry I disturbed your mother, though."

"She will not mind it," said Paul, "since you are her friend, and I am sure you are. It was I, sir"—and he pointed to her scattered tresses, "who tossed her hair so much; I like to play with it, and I didn't think any one would see us."

"All right," answered Luke Lawton, "no excuse needed for that, Paul. Tell me, boy, how old are you?"

"Twelve, sir."

"And suppose you were a man now, what would you like to be?"

The pale eager face glowed in a moment; the lips parted, but stopped in the act, and then a sigh came from them.

"No use," he said in a wearied way, "I can never be it now, never. Mamma," he turned, and was clasped to her heart, where he hid his trouble. She was quite calm now; her wonderful store of self-control had indeed been all called into requisition to make her so, but it had won the battle, and as she tenderly held her arms around the boy, she said to Mr. Lawton with the sweetest possible courtesy—it was easy to see, the same from which Paul's had been modelled,

"Mr. Lawton, if for the present you will excuse me from a longer interview, I will, at some other time, express my gratitude for your kind intentions."

"Certainly, Mrs. James, certainly; it is better to wait. Good-by, Paul, boy; we'll know each other better after awhile."

He walked away, and when he got beyond ear-shot of the summer-

house, gave vent to his feelings in one prolonged and astounded exclamation,

"Extraordinary!"

"Mr. Lawton," said the voice of the pale child.

"Well, boy."

"I know what Paul wants to be—ain't you as rich as the man that makes the greenbacks?"

He laughed. "Not quite, but what does Paul want to be?"

"One of them men that makes big pictures like what's in the chapel, sir, over the altar. He can make first-rate little pictures now himself, and you ought to hear how beautiful he talks about them. He says his mother's the purtiest picture in the world."

"Not far wrong," assented Luke, "though I guess he hasn't been quite all over it from Terra del Fuego to Australia, which bounds it. Right enough."

"He upsets her hair to make her look like one, he says. And, sir, he draws her everywhere. Couldn't a rich man make him be what he wants, Mr. Lawton?"

"Yes, if he'd be let, boy—but obstacles *will* happen to the best intentions. That mother now, as you say, is a handsome picture, but *extraordinary*, boy, *extraordinary*. Come, don't you want anything for yourself? You ask all for Paul."

"It is for myself," said the generous little heart, "when it is for Paul—please do something for him, sir."

"I will," and he cleared his throat, "if I'm let, that is to say."

The little face brightened, and the hot, wasted hand of the orphan grasped the moneyed one fervently.

"Thank you, sir," spoke the quiet, ailing voice; "I know you'll do it, and I'm very glad. *Paul will be great!*"

The thought seemed enough for him, and he was silent till Luke parted from him to rejoin his friends. More than once the rich man turned



to watch the little figure, as it slowly made its way to the playground; more than once, the beautiful tale its pleadings had written on his heart, drew him towards the past in his own life, when such another had loved him, as this poor orphan loved Paul. For the sake of that time he would do what he could for both. With this thought in his mind he went home.

When he arrived there, he found the house infested by innumerable young "sylphs," between the ages of twelve and fifteen, in full evening dress, upon which it suddenly struck him that Florry's birthday party was about to take place. He had hardly resolved this solution of the sylphs in his mind, when that young lady herself bounded into his arms, all dress and curls. He was pleased, for he was fond of her.

"What an old blunderbuss I am, Floy," he said; "I don't carry birthday presents in my pockets. What will I do; will you trust me?"

"Yes, Pa, but you carry something in your pockets that will buy presents."

"Oh! that's it, is it? Well, where's the mouth of the Orinoco?"

"Near Terra del Fuego, of course, Pa. Don't make me say geography to-day, please don't."

"There, then." He gave her two bank notes. "Don't dance them white slippers off to-night, Floy."

"What a splendid Pa!" and she was gone.

But the "splendid Pa" wandered about the great house till he came to a lonely supper, served out for him by a servant. As to any one in the shape of an affectionate wife or daughter to share it with him, or keep him company during the rest of the evening, he knew better than to imagine such a creature existed for him. His money had not bought him that—his feminine appendages were women of fashion, and to-night he was a cipher. So he took his cigar and evening paper, and sat

down for a comfortable "smoke." He read quietly enough for awhile, and puffed blue clouds around him most indefatigably as he went on. But suddenly this "even tenor" of things was interrupted; in place of a puff came a particularly emphatic "Extraordinary!" the cigar was laid down, the paper coned with an intensity of study speaking of no ordinary amount of interest; finally it was folded, put carefully into a breast pocket, and the following curt decision uttered:

"Something wrong somewhere! Extraordinary."

Then the solid brows were bent in thought; the dying cigar sent up its odor in vain; Luke Lawton smoked no more, he was solving a problem. The solution lasted half an hour, and another decision, uttered aloud, broke the stillness of the quiet room.

"Not on her side; the wrong is somewhere else—there's a rascal in the case evidently."

Another interval of thought, another short soliloquy.

"Wonder if she'll let me help her! Extraordinary woman."

Almost with the words came a knock at the door, and in a moment Mrs. James stood before him. She was as if nothing had happened that day, calm in voice, easy in manner, the beautiful light that he now knew came from seeing her child shining in her eyes, a gentle smile on her lips.

"Are you disengaged, Mr. Lawton?" she asked.

"Certainly, certainly, ma'am; sit down. I'm glad to see you."

"For which I offer you my thanks. You were good enough to-day, sir, to make an offer of help, which you thought I needed. I do need it: I have come to ask it."

"Very sensible, Mrs. James. Command my services, such as they are."

"You have my gratitude, sir; it is not my way to speak much of what I feel, but the feeling is none the less true for that."

"I believe you, Mrs. James. Now what can I do for you?"

"Act as if you did not know I existed."

"Extraordinary! But, excuse me, ma'am, I can't."

"It is necessary to my safety, Mr. Lawton. If you were less in earnest with me than I take you to be, my only comment on to-day's incident would have been immediate departure from this house. To live unmolested I must live alone, unnoticed either by kindness or by malice. This much explanation I offer to your goodness. If you condescend to act as I ask, I can remain here earning my bread in the security which is all I desire now. If you still persist in what, believe me, would be an injury instead of a benefit, I must go. This much do I trust to your honor."

"Extraordinary!"

There was silence then; she waiting, he pondering. At last:

"May I ask you a question, ma'am?"

"You may."

"The boy—wouldn't you prefer having him with you?"

Her calm voice changed, trembled; the stately manner thawed.

"Prefer! I would move heaven and earth to compass such a thing, but it cannot be at present. The same necessity that requires the obscurity I seek requires also that he be separated from me."

"Excuse me, ma'am, does it require too that he'll only get the education of a common charity-boy?"

At the word her proud cheek flushed.

"No," she answered.

"Then, Mrs. James, if you're not too proud to owe it to me, I'll put him where he can learn to be what he wishes—a painter, I understand."

Her lips, her fingers, her whole frame worked nervously; her face grew crimson, spite of all her usual self-command. But mother-love conquered in the struggle which

thus betrayed itself, and it answered him.

"I thank you from my heart, sir. I accept, for the boy's sake. If he lives, he shall repay you when I am dead. It will never be in my power to do so."

"Out of the question, ma'am; I would not *be* paid. Listen a minute now. You've probably heard me called a millionaire?"

"I have."

"Well, forty years ago I swept crossings. I grew up myself, and educated myself, so I am rich and ignorant. If, to-day, I could stand, poor as poverty, ma'am, but such a man as I hope Paul will be, forty years from now, I'd willingly give up my present position for it. You understand?"

"Perfectly."

"But, you see, my gold can't make such a man of me now, and I'd like it to do for some one else what it can't do for me; it may have been of some use then. Paul's affliction makes education peculiarly necessary for him, and he shall have it."

"You are a good man, Mr. Lawton," she said with the most beautiful respect for him, speaking in her tone.

"No, not as I might be. Forty years ago, ma'am, I had a little friend, a pale, wornout little boy, who swept crossings with me. We shared our crusts together, and our poor lives. I fell sick, and he took care of me like my brother—" His voice trembled. "He was only my brother in poverty and toil. I'd have died only for him."

He was silent a few moments.

"Mrs. James, he was all the world to me once, but I've only a memory of him left me now. He's in his grave, ma'am, and to-day a child, a little orphan-boy, that loves Paul as he loved me when he swept crossings with me, asked me to do something for your son. I've told you now the two reasons why I wish to



educate him. You understand them, I hope."

"Most clearly, and honor them."

"I told them, ma'am, for fear you might go on thinking yourself under an obligation to me. I hope you're cured."

"No, sir; and I hope I will never be such an ingrate as to *be* cured of that."

"Well, let it go. Remain here obscure as you please, ma'am, on one condition."

"Name it."

"That you'll never leave, without giving me notice."

"I promise. Good-night, sir. God bless you."

The words lingered in her heart till she went up to her own room, and there she wearily sat down, alone with her bitter lot, whatever it might be. The usual package of newspapers lay on the table awaiting her inspection. She pushed them aside, saying, "I will examine them to-morrow." She took a locket from her bosom, and looked long and tenderly upon the pictured face

it framed, manly and handsome, with false eyes of the most beautiful blue; a smiling mouth; a broad forehead like Paul's, set in light, waving hair. The third finger of her left hand bore a massive band of gold. With that hand to her heart, with fearful sobs shaking her frame, with bitter tears gushing from her eyes, that should have been tears of blood to seem fitting accompaniments for the face of anguish down which they streamed, her heart moaned out in a voice of woe, such as could never be written here:

"O, James! O, James! that it should have been so!"

That was all, but the tragedy of a life was veiled in the words. Half the lonely night they rang through the room, and then, sitting still with their shadow upon her face, she fell into the sleep of exhaustion. Ah! one prayer might have eased her heart, but it was unsaid. Poor mortal heart! how inefficient was its strength; how weak its pride!

(To be continued.)

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## THE STARRY HEAVENS.

"The heavens show forth the glory of God, and the firmament declareth the work of his hands."—Ps. 18.

NOTHING is better calculated to raise the contemplative mind to the great Author of all things than a view of the starry heavens when night has cast a deep shade over the face of nature, and the breath of winter has not only converted the earth into stone, and the waters into crystal, but has charmed the exhalations from the air, and endowed it with such a beautiful transparency that each little star shoots its radiance on the eye, and the whole sublime hemisphere seems like an immense and gorgeous dome studded with diamonds, a fit

temple for the worship of the Creator. The untutored savage, though he regards the stars only as so many lamps suspended from the azure vault to enlighten and cheer his abode, is struck with admiration at the gift, and, with a heart overflowing with gratitude, falls down to bless the Great Spirit who bestowed it. Ignorance and astonishment have gone still farther, and, in almost all nations, traces are to be found of the worship of the heavenly bodies, a rude, but not altogether unnatural form of religion to the uninstructed

mind. The "Hosts of Heaven" are assuredly the most striking and appropriate visible emblems of the Almighty unseen, and where the mind has been unaccustomed to reflect on any objects but those which strike the senses the mistake may, without difficulty, be accounted for. Certainly such a belief is neither so strange nor so revolting as the notion of some modern atheists who contend that the world is a mere fortuitous concourse of atoms, inert matter being endowed with omniscience and omnipotence, producing the most beautiful and bountiful order and harmony.

Science, however, even in its earliest efforts, easily corrected this ignorance; and, as it advanced, opened up new wonders in the sky, which extended the views, while they intensely excited the curiosity of man, and excited his religious feelings in the knowledge and admiration of truth, like the kings of Araby and Saba, who were led by the star in the east to the adoration of "the divine WORD by whom all things were made." It does appear little less than miraculous that a puny creature like man, who is bound to a little spot of this remote planet; whose abode upon it is but threescore years and ten; whose bodily strength is inferior to that of many other animals; whose powers of vision are so limited; whose intellect, in ordinary circumstances, rises so little beyond a mere provision for daily subsistence; that this being, with faculties and means apparently so inadequate, should have been enabled, by dint of an insatiable desire of knowledge and an unwearied perseverance, to overcome so many difficulties, and to forge a key by which the mysteries of the universe have been unlocked, and a near view has been obtained of the secret springs which, under the fiat of the Creator, move the amazing machinery of the material world. Little did the early inhabitants of the earth think, when they gazed in

stupid surprise on the tiny sparks which bespangled the heavens, that each of these was a globe of fire, compared with which the earth they inhabited was but as a ball which a child tosses in his hand; or that the distance they were situated at was so amazing that a hundred millions of miles was but as the length of an infant's step. Yet these are truths now familiar to every mind, and established by demonstrations, on which skepticism itself dare not breathe a doubt.

On casting the eye across the heavens, it is arrested by a streak of faint light, which passes athwart the whole sky in the direction of east and west. This streak is called the milky way, in allusion to a well-known childish fancy of heathen mythology. When we regard the stars, with reference to this permanent band, we find that, in proportion, as they recede from it on either side, they gradually become less and less numerous, till, toward the extreme north and south, there is an obvious deficiency in the comparative richness of the garniture with which the mighty dome is adorned. On applying the telescope to the diffused light of this remarkable part of the heavens, the astronomer is lost in admiration to find that this appearance is occasioned by an amazing multitude of stars, too minute to be detected by the naked eye, and too numerous to be accurately calculated, "scattered by millions, like glittering dust, on the black ground of the general heavens." Sir William Herschel informs us that, on calculating a portion of the milky way, about ten degrees long, and two and a half broad, he found it to contain 258,000 stars, a quantity so great, in so small a space, that the moon would eclipse 2000 of them at once! Now, all these are suns probably at as great a distance from each other, as our sun is from Sirius,—a distance so incomprehensible, when stated in miles, that the best way of forming some clear idea of it,



is to compare it with the velocity of some moving body with which we are acquainted. We know of nothing so swift as light, which moves at the rate of 12,000,000 of miles in a minute, and yet light would be at least three years in passing between the sun and Sirius. Let any one, then, comprehend, if he is able, the distances implied in the conception, that the minute and thickly studded sparks of the milky way, are suns, each so far separated from each other, that it would require three years for the light of the one to reach the other! And yet this astonishing view is not a mere gratuitous imagination, but a calm philosophical deduction from observed facts and obvious analogies.

But this stretch of mental powers is little, compared with what is required for comprehending the conclusions we are led to form, from other celestial phenomena. In various parts of the heavens, and in all quarters, there are discovered either small groups of stars, or certain dusky spots, called *nebulae*, which the power of the telescope has multiplied to several hundreds of greater or less distinctness and magnitude. Now, these *nebulae*, when brought under observation by a very strong magnifying power, generally are found to be vast assemblages of minute stars, "crowded together," as Sir Herschel expresses it, "so as to occupy almost a definite outline, and to run up to a blaze of light in the centre, where their condensation is usually the greatest." "Many of them," adds this astronomer, "are of an exactly round figure, and convey the complete idea of a globular space, filled full of stars, insulated in the heavens, and constituting, in itself, a family or society apart from the rest, and subject only to its own internal laws. It would be a vain task to count the stars in one of these globular clusters. They are not to be reckoned by hundreds; and a rough calculation, grounded on the

apparent intervals between them at the borders (where they are seen not projected on each other), and the angular diameter of the whole group, it would appear that many clusters of this description must contain at least 10,000 or 20,000 stars, compacted and wedged together in a round space, whose angular diameter does not exceed eight or ten minutes; that is to say, in an area not more than a tenth part of that covered by the moon."

Are these numerous spangles suns like our own, separated from each other by distances, similar to those by which our solar star is separated from the other stars of the group to which he belongs? And are we, then, to believe that the system of stars to which our sun belongs is nothing else than a nebula? And immense as are the bodies which that system embraces, and extensive, beyond all human conception, as is the space which it occupies, must we conclude that, if viewed from the distance of the other *nebulae* of which we have been speaking, it would appear but as a little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand? Such is, in truth, the astonishing conclusion to which the study of celestial appearances seems inevitably to conduct us?

Now, if we are permitted, on such a subject, to argue from analogy, we may fancy to ourselves some such idea as this,—that each nebula or group of stars bears the same reference to other groups which our planetary system does to the globes of which it is composed; and that, while they may be impressed with a rotatory motion round each other, like our satellites round their primaries, there is some central point of unknown position and immeasurable dimensions, round which the whole groups of the universe revolve, like our little worlds around the sun. There are not wanting reasons for such a supposition, extravagant as it may appear. The two great laws of gravitation and inertia, by which

our own system is regulated and maintained, have been proved to exist with precisely the same powers, at least in some of the fixed stars. The probability, therefore, is, that these are universal qualities inherent in all material objects. This being granted, seems to imply the necessity of a balanced rotatory motion in every system of worlds for preserving the general equilibrium of the whole, because universal attraction must prevent any body from remaining absolutely stationary. Now, the same principle appears to apply to groups of systems which applies to systems themselves. Hence we may infer a complication of movements of the most wonderful and extensive kind, combining not merely worlds with worlds, and systems with systems, but *nebulae* with *nebulae*, embracing the whole material creation, and extending to infinity. What a magnificent view does this afford of

the works of the Eternal; and what a beautiful unity does it appear to give to his operations! Could we but stretch our faculties to the conception, we might figure to ourselves the Almighty, present, in some peculiar sense, in the centre of his works, and thence surveying the infinite machine which his hand had formed—groups upon groups, each containing tens of thousands of worlds, moving in constant succession before him, without confusion and without interference—rolling in an ethereal fluid, which bears light and heat in the waves of its never-falling tide, and which communicates life and intelligence and joy to organized existences over the whole, reflecting, whenever they move, the perfections of an eternal mind, and experiencing, throughout all their members, and in all their revolutions, the blessings of a Father's smile.

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## A VISIT TO MOUNT VERNON.

### A REVERIE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

THE hundreds and thousands of travellers who are carried by the steam-winged Pegasus of the modern railroad track, in a space of time that almost annihilates distance, from one-quarter of the continent to another, are generally propelled hither and thither for the purposes of business, and the lightning-like rapidity with which they are conveyed is but a figure of the electric currents of practical thought which are circulating through their brains to the exclusion of mere pleasurable emotions. The natural vivacity always more or less evoked by travel even in the most preoccupied minds, is satisfied by what it can take in through the car-windows during the

transit from one locality to another, but rarely, indeed, save during a formal summer tour of recreation, does any one afford to stop long enough to investigate with a spirit of pleasurable inquiry the localities renowned for historical associations which may lie almost in his path. Seldom does his fiery Pegasus dart off on a by-way Helicon to strike with his iron hoof a fountain of pleasure from the rocky soil of practicality. How many thousands, for instance, who are set down in the capital city of the nation ever heed its architectural or historical glories after the first visit, but when their business is once transacted speed away as fast as they came. Some-



times, however, in these hasty transits a few spare hours come like friendly spirits with a timely admonishment, that we may improve the opportunity. So came they to us, when on a recent visit to the capital, we determined to fulfil a long-formed wish, but one which circumstances had on previous occasions prevented us from executing, namely, to visit the home and tomb of Washington. How familiar are not their gracefully shaded proportions to our eyes from earliest childhood through the instrumentality of fine engravings and homely prints? How often has not the desire leaped in our breasts to visit those sacred precincts? There is a natural emotion in the breast of humanity which hallows such spots even in the eyes of those whose souls are not always in sympathy with the reminiscences which sanctify them. How many of even England's sons and daughters, who certainly have no reason for reverencing the memory of Washington, yet knelt before his ashes with a feeling of almost holy awe, born of the simple respect which the majestic sublimity of his individual character inspires, but when native patriotism superadds to reverence the passion of gratitude and love, where is the wizard minstrel who can deftly express in comprehensible forms or figures the soul music that thrills along the awakened chords of the human heart?

We must candidly confess, however, that we were not in a particularly sympathetic or patriotic mood on the beautiful October morning, which we had selected for our pilgrimage to the storied urn and consecrated dust of our *Pater Patriæ*. Curiosity, simple, pure, and undefiled, was the prevailing sentiment which sat enthroned on that occasion, queen regent for the nonce of our mental kingdom, and not in the least ashamed are we to state the ungenerous fact, for the result proved how potent are the more exalted virtues to conquer the usurping pas-

sions of our more selfish moments. Had any of the more ennobling inspirations held sway at the time we took the cars for Seventh Street wharf, the outrageous conduct of the rival runners of the rival steamboat lines, which bid for public patronage on the Potomac, would have been well-nigh sufficient to have driven them entirely out of our minds. The dead body of Washington evidently held the same position in respect to their pockets as that of Jacob Faithful's father to his mean-souled son, since it was more profitable to them than his living form. The flaming advertisements in the Washington papers were but as smouldering embers to the lurid and red-hot appeals on the hand-posters scattered through the cars by the agents, who stood at every street corner, or rushed through the horse cars to entice the untutored and inexperienced excursionists into a firm believer of the superior advantages of the conflicting corporations they severally represented. It seems, that is if newspapers and posters spoke the truth, that the Mount Vernon Association, as owners of the estate, had given to Captain Frank Hollinshead, of the little steamboat *Arrow*, the monopoly of landing passengers at the wharf belonging to the estate, of which privilege, of course, the said Captain Frank took full advantage, charging, if our memory serves us rightly, \$1.50 for the excursion, and 50 cents as an entrance fee to the grounds and mansion, which latter the Mount Vernon Association levied as a tariff.

Now this extortionate arrangement did not at all meet with the approbation of certain parties, whose bosoms were afire with a flame of patriotic self-forgetfulness as bright as ever blazed in the breast of a Congressman, so they bethought themselves that they would build a boat for this route, and run her at less fare, and of course catch all the patronage of the patriotic pilgrimage.

The boat was built, a fine large craft, and named "Mary Washington." She was placed on the route, but where were the passengers to be landed? About a quarter of a mile below the regular steamboat landing is a little cove running into the estate, shaded by groves of fine old trees. Indeed we might remark in passing that the whole property is one magnificent grove. Near this particular spot, however, there is a little spring, or rather there is said to be one, for we did not visit it, so our disinterested opposers of monopoly, having secured a landing-place here, by what right or from whom the record sayeth not, proceeded to clear the surrounding ground, "fix up" the little streamlet, arrange benches and tables, and *presto*, their work was done. Those who contemplated a visit to the American Mecca were aroused by these clarion-voiced advertisements in the Washington journals:

"POTOMAC STEAMBOAT CO.

OPPOSITION TO MONOPOLY.

Passengers visiting the home and tomb of Washington will take the steamer Mary Washington from foot of Seventh, daily at 10 A.M., returning to the city about 4 P.M. By taking this line visitors will have a fine opportunity of visiting the beautiful *Mount Vernon Springs*, and a short stage ride over Washington's entire *farm*. Fare, including stage and admission to the grounds, \$1."

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good" is an old adage aptly supplemented by the other proverb, "When rogues fall out honest folks get their own," and the effect of running the Mary Washington to "Mount Vernon Springs," and giving her passengers a ride in an ambulance over "Washington's farm," was soon perceptible in the fact that Captain Frank Hollinshed, the pet of the patriotic petticoats of the Mount Vernon Association,

responded by a counter newspaper blast, advising the public to take the regular line, and avoid a *three hours' ride* in an ambulance over a dubious road, and thus gain that much time at the mansion and tomb. Very considerate! but the public evidently were more disposed to favor his claims on the more palpable ground that the fare was reduced for the round trip to \$1, including 25 cents admission to the house and grounds, which latter sum acted as a counter-irritant to the opposition "stage" fare, the "springs" and "farm" dodge being, to use a pure Shaksperian phrase, "too thin" to blind the public. But now, that both parties were fairly drawn in line, the battle commenced in hot earnest. The devotion displayed by them, in their zeal to convey the public, to show their veneration to the manes of Washington with the best advantage, was charming to the patriot heart, and only equalled by the venom with which they abused one another for endeavoring to gain the same end. From the moment the adventurous pilgrims set foot in the street cars which conveyed them to the wharf, they were fairly besieged with boys and men, who for squares and squares flaunted flaming posters, setting forth with Billingsgate minuteness the respective claims of their conflicting employers. At each street crossing the retiring agents were substituted by new reserves, till, by the time the wharf was reached, we felt as though our car ride from Pennsylvania Avenue had been one triumphal procession through overarching clouds of white pennons, and beds of supplicating petitions to our majestic potency. We hesitated; however,

Ere shaking our ambrosial curls,  
And giving the nod, the stamp of fate,  
And sanction of—a travelling patron,

to either party, we preferred deciding for ourselves rather than trust to the posters. We deeply regret that we did not preserve one of these



as a curiosity. It was about a foot and a half in length, embellished with a view of Mount Vernon, and after reciting the whole history of the difficulty, with the same candor that characterizes a recovered "sufferer's" certificate in a medical almanac, proceeded to quote the statutes of the State of Virginia and the decisions thereon relative to the rights, riparian and otherwise, of the contestants to land at the Association's wharf, and the chartered rights of that body to make such regulations, the whole ending with the threat of one of the captains that in a few days he would have the *back gates of Mount Vernon shut* against his brother salt, who retorted, that if his own boat were withdrawn for want of patronage, the public would soon see "the fare go up again." But the fun did not end here, for after deciding to follow the crowd and go on the Arrow, the comments of the captain were anything but solemn. Success in gaining passengers had made him happy, while the opposition could boast but of two patrons, a man and woman, visible from the deck, and looking very much like a pair of lovers who were placidly contented at the thought that they had it all to themselves.

The sail from Washington to Mount Vernon is exceedingly beautiful. For fully one-half of the entire distance the glorious dome of the Capitol, enthroning on its summit the graceful statue of Freedom, soars above the rich green foliage of the Capitol Park. Yonder ancient-looking yellow building, on the hill to the right, is the far-famed Arlington House, surrounded by the hundreds of white headboards, where lie the nation's dead.

By the flow of the inland river,  
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,  
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,  
Asleep are the ranks of the dead.

Gone are the social glories of that old ancestral home, yet fondly we

trust that angels watch tenderly over the consecrated spot where sleep the country's gallant sons,

Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment-day.

On our left, as we glide along the sparkling river, is the Navy Yard, bordered with its long lines of graceful willows that kiss the water's edge, while in front of us lies the ancient town that rejoices in the high-sounding name of "the city of Alexandria, Va." Again to the left, upon a thickly wooded eminence, are perched, like old Rhenish castles, the so-called "defences" of our national capital, Forts Washington and Foote. Just below the latter the river makes a graceful bend, when suddenly everybody rushes to the side of the boat. What is the attraction? This is an interesting locality in our two hours' sail. We are just half way on our pilgrimage, and this bend in the river is famous for the fact that it gives us a view of the entire distance of nine miles between Washington and Mount Vernon. Looking back we still see above the distant trees,

The dome! The dome!  
That wondrous dome!

while before us, embowered among the woody heights, a little flag, scarcely perceptible, save with the aid of glasses, marks the most sacred spot of American soil. The river is broad and imposing, the scenery on the left somewhat flat, but the entire Mount Vernon estate, now stretching before us on the right, is one lengthy hillock "wooded to the peak."

We said in the beginning that the prevailing sentiment in our mind on leaving Washington was sheer curiosity, and that we were not ashamed to state the fact, for the result proved how potent were the nobler emotions of the soul to assert the mastery over the lower instincts. That effect now began to grow apparent. The fact that we were nearing a point of so

much reverence was apparent in the straining eyes and excited movements of the passengers, who were composed of persons from all sections of the country, drawn together by a noted social event of the previous day, with a fair sprinkling of travelling brides and grooms, who were taking advantage of the glorious weather produced by the loveliest month of the year, and a day that for atmospheric beauty seemed to be presiding over the marriage of earth and sky, and to these we must add a few English gentlemen, who were about to do reverence to him who had received the surrendered power of Britain to her conquering Colonies long years before at Yorktown.

The Mary Washington is winding gracefully into "the springs," and we are winding into the landing place at the foot of Mount Vernon. It is a pleasing reflection that we touch for the first time the sacred soil of Virginia in its most sacred part. Slowly and solemnly, escorted by the guardians of the place and the gentlemanly officers of the boat, we wind up the gracefully running and oak-shaded path, mounting but a few steps, when suddenly the mausoleum appears before us, a plain, square, brick vault, projecting from the hillside, with massive iron gates, surmounted by the inscription, "WITHIN THIS INCLOSURE REST THE REMAINS OF GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON." A flood of sunlight is pouring through the bars, and covering with a golden pall the spotless marble of the sarcophagus, realizing in its fullest extent the exquisite line of Savage, which had for so many years run through our minds,

"The autumn sun caresses Vernon's tomb."

The sarcophagus, familiar to us by its numerous reproductions in pictures, is a plain marble slab; its only adornment being the eagle rampant supporting the flag-draped shield which is carved on the lid, and the

name WASHINGTON beneath. A sad detraction, however, to this stony coffin is an inscription on the foot, which has been painted out, leaving an ugly white band too plainly visible. In answer to our inquiries regarding this, we were told that it was the name of the donor of the sarcophagus, which was the gift of a prominent stone carver of Philadelphia, who engraved his name upon it. This was, perhaps, somewhat hypercritically regarded by the Mount Vernon Association as an advertisement, and derogatory to the sacredness of the place and the gift, which they nevertheless accepted and treated in the manner described. Beside this is another sarcophagus bearing the inscription, "MARTHA WASHINGTON." To the rear of the vault, in sealed apertures, lie the other members of the Washington family, the key leading to this portion of the vault having been thrown into the river, as a rather ridiculous but emblematic ceremony of the inviolability of the tomb. The outer apartment has been violated. During the rebellion a soldier of the Union army leaped the outer gate, and broke off one of the claws of the eagle described above. He was caught in New York with it in his possession, and it was then discovered that the deed had been done through no spirit of disrespect, but by a mind possessed with a mania for relics. This is the only instance on record of any direct offence to the sacred spot. Even during the hottest rage of the civil war the pickets of the rival armies met here and conversed, dropping their arms and mingling as brothers, as if by the natural instinct of affection over the ashes of their common father. On the left of the tomb are handsome marble obelisks to the memory of Eleanor Parke Lewis and her daughter, Mrs. M. E. Conrad, the former containing a beautiful but lengthy epitaph. On the right is a memorial shaft to Judge Bushrod



Washington. Opposite to this is the tree planted by the Prince of Wales, a sickly graft, that, without any desire to be disrespectful to the gentleman who so gracefully planted it, yet seems to say in its mute language that the seed sown by a prince's hand cannot thrive near the ashes of the noblest exemplar of Republicanism.

Following alone the winding path, we come upon the original tomb from which the remains were removed, according to the terms of Washington's will, by the executors, some forty years since, and of which it is our good fortune to possess a rare old engraving. Its tenantless depths are also viewed through latticed gates. It is in full sight of the house, at least from the third-story room on the south wing, wherein Lady Washington died, she having used that as her bed-chamber from the time of the General's death, because from its window she could always behold it. She did not regard it long, however; a broken heart having soon laid her beside him in the endless sleep of death.

But now we are at the portico of the fine old mansion itself, and quite unprepared for the charming but simple beauty of the place, disconnected even from the historic memories which would necessarily hallow it. The view up and down the Potomac from the lawn is superb through the vista of trees. To every room we do our duty; one of these, the grand dining hall, we, for reasons which we shall presently give, reserve descriptively to the last. We drink from the old Washington well the same crystal draughts he quaffed. Eating is prohibited in the main mansion, but from the old Washington kitchen we enjoy a splendid lunch, prepared daily for the visitors; the bread and butter being the product of the farm, and the splendid rich milk being distilled from its historic grasses. Then down to the cellar and wine vaults; thence

up to the parlor, which, save the historical relics it contains, does not demand particular attention. The bed-rooms next claim our notice; three of these are of peculiar interest, the one to which we have already referred, the General's room just below, and the Lafayette chamber. Most of the original furniture has been removed from the former, save the medicine table which stood near the bed, while Washington was in his last mortal struggle. On being questioned as to the reason for this, the guides told us that if suffered to remain, there would have been nothing of it spared from the ruthless depredations of the relic-hunters, which was proof against all watchfulness, so that the house is not as happily inviolate as the tomb. All the modern *imitation* furniture, even to the curtains, bed-cords, window-sashes, and sills, is yet the subject of the whittling harpies' knives and scissors, till now, to use the language of the guide, "*We just let them hack away, and when there's nothing left to hack, we give them a fresh supply of carpenter work.*" Before crossing to the Lafayette chamber, in the rear northwest end, we must inform our readers that each State of the Union has agreed to do its parts towards keeping the mansion in repair. So far New Jersey seems to have been the only one to have fulfilled this obligation of love. To the praise of that much-abused and satirized little State be it said, that she has done far more than her share, indeed, the lion's part. The old semicircular porticos, visible in almost every picture of the place, connecting the wings of the main building with the laborers' rooms and side dwellings, having been worn away by age, were being replaced during our visit, "at the expense of New Jersey," as we were told; but it is on Lafayette's chamber that this brave little State has lavished her affectionate efforts. The room is so called because it

was always occupied by him, whom Washington loved as a son, whenever he visited Mount Vernon. It is beautifully adorned, as it was in the days of the young chevalier's visits, and kept from relic-hunters by being necessarily inspected through a grating, no one being allowed to cross the threshold. The key of the Bastile, presented by Lafayette to Washington, hangs among the relics, which include a suit of Washington's clothes. In the room below, the grand dining hall, to which, from the cupola, we will now descend. Disregard we the antique furniture, quaint old mirrors, and various relics of old-time grandeur, for there is something which rivets our gaze and holds us for the time in spellbound rapture. It is Rembrandt Peale's celebrated equestrian portrait of Washington before Yorktown. We feel almost inclined to say that no one has ever seen a portrait until he has looked upon this masterpiece of painting, or at least the face of Washington, for the rest of the painting is very poor in delineation of figure, purposely so, perhaps, in order to make the hero's face more brilliantly conspicuous. It is a remarkable fact, one which, as an American, we confess with an honest shame, that to an Irishman belongs the honor of having written the only poem on Washington worth reading. That man is John Savage; and, as we gaze upon this other poem on canvass, that face so lifelike that we can scarcely realize it to be anything less than nature, the full force of Savage's majestic verses bursts like inspiration upon us:

"How vain the daring to compute in words  
The height of homage that the heart would render,  
And yet how proud to feel no speech affords  
Harmonious measure to the subtle chords  
That thrill the soul beneath thy placid splendor."

And yet this portrait does not represent the father of his country in what an artist would take or an admirer would select as his best mood, for here he is angry,—the only instance on record except that memor-

able day on the burning plains of Monmouth, when he was known to have been angry,—yet even Washington's anger was sublime. Here he is represented accompanied by his staff, with the gallant Frenchman at their head, riding forth on his massive white charger, and with a look of godlike dignity, such as could sit with grace only on his brow; he expresses the always mastered passion of his righteous zeal at the unwarrantable delay of the engineers, who have thrice dallied with his orders, as, addressing the chief of the corps, he exclaims: "*Sir, if these intrenchments are not commenced before ten minutes, I shall know the reason why!*" Let us sit down before this sublime conception of the artist's genius. But no, we must up and away, for time presses. Out among the neat, tasty, and old-fashioned out-houses, with their queer little slanting roofs, to talk awhile with the servants, thence through the beautiful garden, blooming with the floral treasures so carefully cultivated by the Association, for the purpose of constantly furnishing a liberal supply of beautiful bouquets for the visitors, who can obtain as many of these mementoes as they desire for the small sum of twenty-five cents apiece, or, if they prefer, they can choose from among the hundreds of choice pot-plants and exotics in the green-house, the proceeds of which go towards the maintenance of the estate. To-day this garden is gloriously beautiful, for nature has arrayed herself in the royal robes of majestic October to do honor to departing summer. But yet another pleasure awaits us; the old gardener hands us a few magnolia leaves, some freshly gathered, others preserved by varnishing, and in response to our proffered offering, shakes his head, and replies, "No, we do not receive payment for these." They are gathered from yonder tree at the back of the kitchen, the only one on the estate planted by Washington's hand; they are distributed



as a memento to each visitor, in order that he may take at least one gratuitous souvenir from a spot where ancient hospitality is only displaced by stern necessity, which needs the contributions of the pilgrims to this shrine to aid in the conservative work of love. In the early spring when the tree is in bloom, the flowers are donated instead of the leaves.

And now, as the afternoon sun begins to tint the western hills with its flood of autumnal radiance, we find ourselves again on the bosom of the broad Potomac, which has agreeably disappointed us by its imposing breadth and depth. Sociability begins to reign supreme among the hitherto distant passengers.

The inspiration of the memory of a common father of our common country has worked its effect. We are all aglow now with the gracious and high sentiments which were wanting when we started hither in the early morning. Our "lovers" on the "Mary Washington" seem to have discovered a new bond of sentimentality as they disappear far ahead of us towards Washington. We congratulate ourselves, however, for loss in time by the superior quality and quantity of the "Arrow's" company. Then we begin to tell each other about our ancestors who fought in the Revolution. One lady tells how her grandmother saw him ride over the Housatonic at Bridgeport, and we described how he acted when he made his "headquarters" at our great-grandfather's house on the eve of the battle of Brandywine. Then some one who wants to be witty suggests that the trite platitude about Washington being first in the hearts of his countrymen, was not true as applied to his wife, for he was *only her second love*. A sickly smile greets this weak pun, and all goes on smoothly until, as we suddenly round into the pier at Washington, a spiteful breeze relieves us of our hat, and donates it as an offering to the Potomac, much to

the malicious merriment of a group of young ladies on the deck, of whose presence we rather unsuccessfully endeavored to seem oblivious, and then as we step into a street car and try to look philosophical, our equanimity is rudely shaken from its fancied security by an urchin crying out, "*Look at that feller what's lost his hat!*"

We run the gauntlet of various similar comments until we reach our hotel, when with head covering renewed and mind at rest we sit down to ruminate over the beautiful memories of a day well spent. With hearts saddened with the tenderness of parting from the beautiful spot, we have left our mental benedictions on Mount Vernon, but it has given us an imperishable memento of our visit in that wondrous face of Washington, that will ever be carried like a miniature on our hearts.

Would that we could reproduce its inspiration on the minds of all our countrymen. Every year we celebrate his birthday with outward rejoicing, but do we honor him with the more practical homage of our imitation? Alas! we can too truly answer, No. He is the most sublime exemplar of merely moral grandeur that the world has ever produced. Yet even the man who believes in moral excellence apart from any peculiar religious obligations fails to follow his glorious footsteps. Dying rapidly, if not quite dead, are all the truths, moral, social, and political, which he left as a legacy to his country. We need not ask for proofs of this; they are too palpably evident in the ruins of public virtue and private worth which lie scattered around us. God save the land of Washington, and keep his memory green, for while it is fresh in the hearts of the people, there is yet hope that their virtue is not gone.

A few days later, and from the "royal seat of Woodstock," on the upper Patapsco, the splendid scholasticate of the Jesuits, we stand al-

most within the shadow of another mansion and tomb, dear to every American, but especially American Catholics, the home and resting-place of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. We will not describe Carrollton manor now, but standing near the almost mingling dust of Washington and Carroll, we will exclaim, Let the love of God and

country spring, Phoenix-like, from their ashes. Rear aloft their statues, chant their memories with endless benedictions, and from the embers of their tombs, as from the altar fires of devotion, glowing with the smothered but none the less potent ardor of highest emprise, light, with the vigor of a new flame, the Centennial fires of social virtue and political truth.

## THE LEGEND OF THE MADONNA'S VEIL.

### I.

AT the entrance of the mountain pass called Bocca San Antonio, through which the road runs most from Bastia to San Fiorenzo, lies a straggling village called San Carlo. Its position is perhaps one of the most picturesque in Corsica. The mountain sides above it and below are clothed with oak, beech, chestnut, pine, and cork, mixed with the wild olive and the turpentine tree. The coloring of the foliage in spring and autumn is gorgeous beyond description, and the value of the timber is immense. From those woods—forgotten, it would seem, in the speculations of modern times, the Carthaginians drew the material strength which rendered their navy so terrible to Rome. Since their power passed away, many a master has borne rule over Corsica, whose blood has been mingled with the native race, but the mountains round San Carlo are still unchanged and clothed with beauty as of old.

The village is chiefly composed of poor dwellings inhabited by herdsmen, and some outlying farms, small and ill kept—rather worse, in fact, than those held by the so-called poor *statesmen* of Cumberland. The villagers in general are frugal though

indolent, and prefer the calling of herdsmen to harder work, and of such labor as there is the chief burden is thrown upon the women. The spirit of jealousy and revenge, inherent in the Corsican, is stimulated by the minute subdivision of territorial patrimony, and there is hardly a village to be found where some family feud is not fostered and perpetuated. If the father die and leave a wrong unavenged, it becomes the inheritance of the son, who accepts it as a sacred trust to be fulfilled at any cost.

San Carlo was no exception to the general rule. It had its grudges and its smouldering wrongs, and out of one of these arose a dismal story.

Diogo Hernandez had avenged an injury done to his father by killing the offender. Pursued for the crime, he fled to the woods, and there led the life of a brigand. His name became the terror of the country round, but for years he escaped the strong arm of the law. At last, a government officer having been killed in an affray with him, the authorities were roused, and an armed force was sent to watch every issue from the forest and cut off all possible means of escape. By extraordinary ability and address, Diogo continued to elude



their vigilance. One hour it was declared positively he was in such a spot; the next, as if by magic, he appeared in another; and then as suddenly left his pursuers at fault and was nowhere to be found. The truth is, Diogo had friends who played into his hands, and again and again misled the officials on the watch for him. But the government was firm, and at last his capture became only a question of time. Stringent orders were sent to take him dead or alive. The police redoubled their vigilance, and finally ascertained beyond doubt the limits within which he was concealed. There was not a road nor a pathway he could traverse but at the peril of his life. He was hunted up and down like a beast of prey.

On the borders of the wood was a small farm, rather of a better class than the farms in general about San Carlo. The owner, whose name was Paolo Falconi, had been Diogo's playfellow in childhood. He was a man of fierce and violent passions, and his household trembled before him when he was made angry. Since Diogo took to the woods, Paolo had grown richer, and whispers were afloat that if not a brigand himself, he knew more about brigands than an honest man ought to know. He had not been to the sacraments for several years, and held aloof from his neighbors, who, in their turn, seemed by tacit consent to shun his society.

It happened one morning, when the chase after Diogo was at the hottest, that Paolo had to go to a fair some miles off, and chose to take his wife Giacinta with him. A small load of hay, the scanty produce of ill-cultivated land, had been put down by the dwelling the preceding evening. Giacinta, while she was fastening her white linen veil at the back of her head, in preparation for her expedition, told her little Giuseppe to stack up the hay in some better order during her absence, and then, giving him a sort of sweet cake made of chestnuts, she went away to get

the mules ready for their share of the day's work. Paolo got his whip, and they were both just setting off when a thought seemed to strike him. He got off his mule and went back to Giuseppe.

"Giuseppe," said he in a low voice, "if Diogo Hernandez should come here and ask for shelter, hide him; the bloodhounds are close upon his heels." Then he mounted his mule again, gave it a little stroke with his whip, and they rode off, Giacinta turning round and nodding to Giuseppe as long as she could see him.

When he was left alone, the child did what his mother had told him to do before she came back. He stacked up the hay as well as he could, but he was only eight years old, and it took him a long time. He was quite tired when he had finished, so he fetched the cat and her kittens to play with, got out the chestnut-cake, and sat down to enjoy himself. He had quite forgotten all about Hernandez the brigand, and was quietly finishing his feast, when suddenly the gate was burst open, and Diogo rushed through, exclaiming, "Hide me, hide me! They are upon me!"

"Get under that great heap of hay," said Giuseppe with ready intelligence, "and I'll cover you up. They'll be sure to find you if you go into the house."

Quick as lightning, Diogo took the hint, and buried himself beneath the hay. Giuseppe smoothed it just enough to look as if it had never been disturbed, and then fetched the cat and her kittens and put them on the top of it. The cat liked the warm sun; and as she lay there dozing with her eyes half shut, no one would have suspected she was keeping watch over Diogo Hernandez the brigand.

Five or six minutes afterwards, Giuseppe saw a party of gendarmes pass and repass the gate. They spoke together for a moment. Then their leader came in, followed by two of

his men. He was a cousin of Paolo's, and his name was Antonio.

"Good morning, Giuseppe," said he. "Where is your father?"

"Gone to the fair with my mother, and I am to take care of the farm till they come back," said Giuseppe, with a little air of importance.

"O, indeed!" said Antonio; "is there no one within? Has no one been calling on your father?"

"There's no one in the house," said Giuseppe, "and no one has asked for my father. Would you like to walk in, cousin Antonio?"

"I'm convinced he's on the farm," said Antonio, turning to his comrades. "Not a quarter of an hour ago he was on the road, and I know he can't have passed the bridge; they are keeping a sharp lookout for him there."

As he spoke, he went into the house, followed by the two gendarmes, with the air of a man who means to prove what he says. When he came out again, the search had been made, and made in vain. Antonio and his men stood looking at each other. The cat was sleeping on the hay, and Giuseppe was blowing soap-bubbles.

Antonio was perplexed. Still, *he must be here*, was the conclusion he came to internally.

"Giuseppe," said he, "I want to talk to you." Giuseppe came near.

"You have not seen any one go by the farm?"

"Go by the farm?" said Giuseppe.

"Yes; you haven't seen Diogo Hernandez — the brigand, you know?"

"Diogo Hernandez, the brigand," repeated Giuseppe. "I saw a man, and I saw a woman with a mule going along the road, and I saw Agnese carrying fagots."

"But, Diogo; didn't you see him?" persisted Antonio. "A tall man, with black eyes and a black beard?"

"Black eyes and a black beard?" said Giuseppe. "I saw a tall man driving a flock of sheep all with six

horns, cousin Antonio. I wish father would buy some six-horns; ours have only four."

"Well, perhaps he will, some day," said Antonio. "I'll talk to him about it. But what was the man's name?"

"I don't know," said Giuseppe; and he blew another bubble.

"Diogo is here," said Antonio to himself.

"Giuseppe," continued he aloud, "you haven't seen my new watch?"

"O, how pretty!" exclaimed the child; "how very pretty!"

"Yes, isn't it pretty?" said Antonio.

"It's beautiful, beautiful. I never saw anything so beautiful."

"Have you a watch, Giuseppe?"

"O no," said the child.

"Should you like to have one?" said Antonio.

"O, cousin Antonio, I should indeed; but a watch costs a great deal. Mother does not think she could save enough to buy me one even for my first communion."

"Suppose I were to give you this," said Antonio, "should you like it?"

"O, cousin Antonio, you know you are only making game of me. It is much too beautiful."

"Yes, it's very beautiful," said Antonio, "take it in your own hands and look at it. I'll show you the inside. Hark! it strikes the hours."

Giuseppe was mute between astonishment, admiration, and hope.

"Giuseppe," said Antonio, lowering his voice, "if you will tell me where Diogo is hidden, I will give you this watch for your own."

"For my own, cousin Antonio?"

"Yes, for your own. Now you know quite well Diogo came in here a quarter of an hour ago. Where did you hide him?"

"Came in here?" said Giuseppe. "Cousin, would you like to go to see the two little kids?"

"Very much," said Antonio, his tone of voice not betraying a shadow of impatience; "but first tell me



about Diogo. He came in here, you know, and you hid him."

"Hid him?" said Giuseppe.

"Yes, you hid him. I know all about it. Isn't the watch a beauty? I'll show you how to wind it up, and then you'll know how to do it every night. There, turn the key gently till it stops. Why you do it as well as if you had had a watch all your life. Now, where is Diogo hid? You know I'm going to give you the watch when you've told me."

Giuseppe looked at the watch and then timidly at Antonio's musket.

"O, I don't wish to hurt him. I'll promise you to take the greatest care of him. What I want is to keep him safe. Only tell me where he is hid;" and he put the watch into Giuseppe's hands. "You would like it, wouldn't you?"

"O, yes," said Giuseppe.

"But you don't like to tell me about Diogo. Well then, if you would rather not, I won't ask you to say a word. Only just make me a little sign. No, I won't take the watch back again, it's your very own. Now then, show me."

Alas, for poor Giuseppe! He looked up in Antonio's face, and then turned the watch slightly in the direction of the hay. In an instant Antonio had taken the hint, but before he could give the signal to his men, Diogo, springing from his lair, with desperate energy ran for his life, dashed through the open gate, and made for the wood. His sudden apparition, and the almost superstitious terror which his name inspired, paralyzed his pursuers for an instant and gave him a momentary advantage; but Antonio remarked, with a flushed face and vexed smile, that in ten minutes more they need only look a little sharper to be sure of him.

They went out, and Giuseppe was left alone with the gold watch in his hand. He did not understand the extent of mischief he had done Di-

ogo, but a vague misgiving of impending trouble took possession of his poor little heart. The cat and her kittens, scared from their resting-place, had slunk away, and he felt lonely and miserable.

Half an hour passed away. It seemed a much longer time to Giuseppe, and then he heard his father's voice.

"Has any one been here?" was his first inquiry.

"Yes, cousin Antonio has been here," said Giuseppe; "he gave me this gold watch."

"Antonio been here!" said Falconi. "He did not come here for nothing. He does not give away gold watches for nothing. Diogo has been here, and you have betrayed him."

As he spoke, the sound of fire-arms was heard in the wood hard by. Giacinta turned pale. Paolo went to the gate, waited there a second, and then walked out into the road. Presently he saw four of the gendarmes bearing a man on a sort of bier made of branches. He was not dead, but wounded and a captive. It was Diogo. They carried him into the court before Paolo's house and sprinkled him with water. He revived, and, raising himself up a little, slowly pronounced the words, "The son of Paolo Falconi has betrayed me;" and as they bore him past the dwelling on their way back to the town, he spat upon the door, exclaiming, "This is the house of a traitor!"

Falconi's brow grew dark. "The house of a traitor!" he repeated, compressing his lips; "that shall it never be." Giacinta looked at him, and shook from head to foot. He walked into the house and took down his gun. "Follow me," said he to Giuseppe.

Trembling with fear the child instinctively obeyed. Giacinta drew near.

"Remain at home," said Paolo, fiercely. Giacinta knew her husband too well to dare to offer opposition

to his will, but her heart died within her. "Mother of God," said she, turning to her Madonna and falling on her knees, "pray for me, pray for my boy." A voice within her seemed to answer, "None ever invoked the Mother of God in vain."

Paolo walked quickly to the wood and through the trees. There were traces in the pathway of the late affray. Branches broken down and trampled under foot, and earth torn up, told of a desperate struggle. Paolo took no heed, looked neither to the right nor left, but strode on till he came to an open space shut in by trees. There he set his gun against a tree, and made a grave. It was not a grave large enough to hold a man. Giuseppe was not nine years old, and slightly and delicately made. He stood by, white with undefined terror. Paolo took up his gun.

"Say your prayers," said he.

"Father!" said Giuseppe, in a choked voice.

"Say your prayers," repeated Paolo, in the same hoarse tone.

"Father!" sobbed the child, as his hand clutched at something which he wore round his neck.

"Say your prayers," said Falconi, sternly.

"Father! father!" shrieked Giuseppe, falling on his knees.

Falconi paused one instant, pointed his gun, fired, and Giuseppe fell to the ground bathed in his own blood. As he lay, the little hand fell, bleeding and lacerated; and Paolo saw that it had loosely held a now sadly defaced medal which he had himself tied round his child's neck the day of his baptism. Paolo had not always been a wicked man. He had abused the gift of faith till his own bad passions had got the mastery in his soul, but it was not dead. A sudden revulsion of feeling, bringing with it a horrible sensation of sickness, came over him, and he swooned away.

When Paolo came to himself again the sun was going down, and he no

longer saw Giuseppe. The grave had been filled up, and a rude wooden cross planted upon it. The gloom of the forest seemed intolerably oppressive, and he turned away to find the path that led towards the high road. He thought of Cain, and of Abel's blood crying from the ground to God. And then he had to face Giacinta! Her goodness and her griefs in contrast with his own wickedness and cruelty made his reflections unendurable. He could not stifle remorse, but he forced back repentance, and his heart grew proud and hard again.

Poor Giacinta! Giuseppe was her only child. The curé, at her prayer, had sought Falconi in the wood. He it was who had filled up the grave and planted the wooden cross, and then gone back to tell, as best he might, the direful tidings to Giacinta. Did she hear him? Did she understand his words? She hardly knew. She gave the gold watch into his hands, and told him to sell it for the poor; and then she tottered to the Calvary in the church, and lay before the bleeding image of the Crucified. There she made her sacrifice, and offered up her Giuseppe with Jesus on the Cross. She strove to say, Thy will be done; and again she seemed to hear the words, "None ever invoked the Mother of God in vain." A mighty strength seemed mingled with her misery and helplessness. As she lay there, stricken and stupified, hours passed away unheeded, but at last she got up and mechanically went home. A dreadful stillness reigned over the place. Giacinta shed no tear. She fetched food, bread, and fruit, and the bitter honey of the country, and spread them on the table ready for the appointed hour. Then she sat down at the further end of the room, rocking herself to and fro, one thought chasing another through her mind without any power of the will to control them. Would her husband be brought up for judg-



ment? Would it pass for an accident? Could it anyhow be concealed? Common, hard pictures, trifling details of what might happen on the morrow, came and went before her—little imaginary incidents that she would not for worlds have spoken out aloud. She seemed to have no power to grieve, and asked herself whether her heart were changed to stone.

Late in the evening Paolo came in. He had only to look towards Giacinta to see that she knew all. He took down a flask of spirits from a shelf, drank from it, and then threw himself on the bed in the inner room. No word was exchanged between them.

The next day it was all over the village that Giuseppe was missing. His father had left him in the wood, and no trace of him was to be found. Old Giovanni, the herdsman, was of opinion he had been kidnapped. "Diogo's men," he said, "would be sure to be on the watch for revenge." "Of course they would," said the curé; and gradually it was the general impression that he had been carried off. Giacinta's face awed her neighbors into silence. They had never seen grief like hers. It was strange, they said, she shed no tear.

On the third day they fetched the curé. He found Giacinta in delirium. The Madonna, she said, had got the boy; but Paolo had fallen into a horrible pit, and broken a gold watch, and they were going to judge him. The good curé tried to soothe her, but in vain. The sound of Paolo's voice made her shake with terror; and once, when he discharged his gun as he came near the house, she fell into convulsions. The doctor gave but faint hopes of her recovery; but on the evening of the tenth day she slept, and, on awaking, knew the curé. He smiled, and said to her, "None ever invoked the Mother of God in vain." She looked at him with an expression of resigna-

tion indescribably sweet. The utter prostration of strength had only fortified her faith, and made her acquiescence in the will of God complete. The struggle of the body had purified the spirit, and given it undisputed victory.

When she was able to bear it, the curé told her there would be no proceedings against her husband. He had seen the préfet, who was his relation, and had much conversation, and they were satisfied Giuseppe's death could not be brought home to Falconi. Her child was safe out of the reach of wicked men, and now she must offer up her lifelong sorrow for the conversion of her husband. Giacinta could weep now, and she listened with tearful eyes. By degrees she got better, but day by day she missed the sound of little footsteps, and caught herself listening for the childish voice that so lately was like music to her ear.

## II.

GIACINTA'S married life had been a hard one. She was the child of pious parents, and had been early trained to the practice of virtue. She had learned, when she knew God's will, to do it in simplicity; and the rectitude of character which springs from pure intention almost invested her with dignity, though she was only a peasant's wife. She had good sense, modesty, and beauty, and, besides, a larger dowry than was common in San Carlo, when she was given in marriage to Falconi; and at first she was happy with him, till his intercourse with Diogo had turned him from the Sacraments, and been a bar to anything like confidence between himself and his wife. She had not proffered empty words when she promised to offer up her sorrow for the conversion of her husband. She prayed alike in weakness as in strength; not with any measured length of words, but in the oblation of herself in union with her Redeem-

er, Paolo's Redeemer—Jesus, the Saviour of all.

Giacinta now saw little of Falconi. He went out early, and remained out late. At meals he rarely spoke, and his wife's patient grief seemed an incessant reproach, which stimulated his remorse, but left him still impenitent. He always avoided the curé; and if he came in his way accidentally, he refused to recognize him. The good priest took no notice; but one day, when he knew Falconi was at home, he called at the house unexpectedly, and said he thought it would do Giacinta good to have change of air. The curé at San Fiorenzo was his friend, and would find her a lodging by the sea; but she must be ready by the afternoon of the next day, when the diligence, which went once a fortnight, would pass through the village. Paolo made no opposition, and it was settled on the spot that she should go.

She stayed away several weeks, and came back an altered being. Her looks of fixed and settled grief had disappeared; and though she still smiled sadly, her countenance wore the expression of inward peace.

"Poor Giacinta is come back too soon," said Margarita to a neighbor. "It will be hard work for her to see all the children going to their First Communion."

"Well, she's off the church road," returned the neighbor; "maybe she won't hear of it. It's quite certain Paolo won't tell her."

But Giacinta was there, and walked by the side of the procession, carrying a crown of white roses to hang up in the chapel of the Madonna.

"Ay, she's thinking of that poor boy," said the neighbors to themselves, as they watched her kneeling there in prayer. And ever after, as the anniversary of the day returned, Giacinta carried a white wreath to the Mother of God.

Time passed, and the children of San Carlo grew up into youths and maidens. There was no change in

Falconi, none in Giacinta's outward life. Her husband was always morose and harsh, often unkind; but her patience was proof against it all. She prayed for him year after year with the same unremitting perseverance and the same simple faith. However long she must wait, her prayer would not be made in vain. What were five, or ten, or twenty years in the sight of the Lord God Almighty? His will was to be her will, and his time was the right time. One Sunday, the priest told the people of an ordination that was soon to take place at Bastia, and invited them to assist at the Mass he should say for the candidates. Giacinta went early to the Madonna's chapel, and hung up a white wreath; and when Mass was over, remained lost in prayer before the altar.

In the evening, when the villagers were drawing water from the well, some one said she had seen Giacinta going up the hill to night-prayers in the church.

"How that boy lives in her mind!" said another. "She always used to wish he might be a priest. Think of her carrying a chaplet for him to the Madonna after all these long years."

"Grandmother," said a young girl, "what is the story about Giuseppe?"

"Nobody knows rightly," said Agnese. "The old herdsman, Giovanni, who is dead and gone, God rest his soul! was in the secret. Some say that he was stolen; some that he was murdered in the wood, and that his own father knew of it. This I do know, that Paolo will drive his mules miles round, sooner than go through the woods after dark."

"Pity he does not drive them over the precipice, and go after them himself—an old brute!" said Filipa. "What a life he leads Giacinta!"

"He'll not drive them over the precipice," said another. "Paolo Falconi has never been the man to take too much drink. My man does



make zigzags when he comes from market sometimes, but Paolo never."

"A man who never goes to the Sacraments may well be afraid to go into the wood after dark," said the old grandmother. "Who would he be likely to meet there but the great Enemy?"

"I'll warrant he meets him wherever he goes. They've been fast friends for a long time," returned Filipa. "Why, how many Easters has he been away from Communion?"

"How many? Why, it's eighteen years since Giuseppe was lost. I remember it was that day twelvemonth Zita's mother was betrothed to Francisco, and Zita's turned sixteen. But Paolo left off going to his duties before that; from the time he grew so thick with Diogo Hernandez. But here's Giacinta going home again. Good-night, Giacinta."

"Good-night, madre," said Giacinta. "Give me your pitcher to carry, and I'll set it down for you at your own door."

"Thank you, Giacinta; and I'll say a chaplet for you in return," said the old woman, and the party broke up and took the road to the village.

An unexpected event took place in San Carlo about three years after the conversation at the well. The curé surprised the faithful one Sunday morning by announcing from the altar that a Mission would be given during the approaching Lent. It was a rare thing to hear strange preachers in a mountain village. Now and then, a friend staying with the priest gave them an exhortation or a sermon; but, as a general rule, they listened, when they kept awake, to their own padre all the year round. Now, two good religious were coming from France, and the village was all alive with expectation.

Giacinta had been at the presbytery for several days in succession, helping the priest's housekeeper with

some work for the sacristy, and was there when the two strangers arrived. Filipa and some other of the neighbors waylaid her as she came out, in the hope of being the first to hear any news she might have to communicate. Giacinta could only tell them that at seven in the evening the church bell would call them to the opening of the Retreat, and then they would learn all the regulations for the next eight days, and be able, moreover, to satisfy their curiosity about the French Fathers.

Long before seven the people were pouring into the church, and all the seats were secured before the bell began to toll. Those who had waited for its summons found only standing-room. As the last stroke ceased to sound, the curé came in, and the two Fathers with him. One was an elderly man, with gray hair, whose figure seemed bent with age and austerity. The other had not yet reached the prime of life. He was tall, and his countenance singularly beautiful. All three knelt for a few moments before the altar, and then the elder of the strangers went into the pulpit. When he began to speak, his eye lighted up, and his love of souls seemed to give him back for the hour all the fire and energy of youth. After a fervent exhortation, he explained the object of the Retreat, and fixed the hours for the different Meditations he proposed to give. F. San Fiorenzo, their countryman, he continued, would also catechize the children every afternoon, and both of them would be found daily in the church to hear Confessions.

Faith was not at a discount in San Carlo, though it might be true that charity had sometimes but an imperfect growth. The church was crowded day by day as F. Méridy spoke of the end of man, of death and judgment, heaven and hell. Once Paolo Falconi came in, and was seen standing near the porch; but when he heard the stern uncompromising ac-

cents which awarded hell to the impenitent, something seemed to stifle him, and he turned his back on the preacher, and went out into the open air. Giacinta's tears fell fast when she was told of it. Would he then resist this last grace? Yet, why had he come if no good impulse had stirred his heart?

The next day Paolo was on his way to his afternoon's labor, when a few heavy drops began to fall just as he went up the hill that led towards the church, and before he was at the top the horizon all around announced one of those sudden storms so common among the mountains of the South. When he reached the church, he took shelter for a few minutes in the porch, and then opened the door and went in. The catechizing was just over, and F. San Fiorenzo was beginning a little instruction. He was telling the children of our first parents before the Fall, of their beauty and dignity, their holiness and happiness. Then he told them of the angels who kept their first estate and of those who fell; then of the malice of the Devil in tempting Eve to sin; and then of God's goodness and man's ingratitude. He spoke with clearness, tenderness, and simplicity, and as he stood in the sanctuary, his figure rendered more distinct by the peculiar light which preceded the coming storm, Paolo's eyes were fixed on him with a gaze that seemed to search him through and through.

Now and then the Father kept up the attention of the children by some playful allusions to the manners and customs of the country. He seemed to know all their local habits, and used expressions almost peculiar to San Carlo. He had just returned to a graver tone, when a vivid flash of lightning illumined the church, followed by a peal of thunder that seemed to shake the very walls. It was succeeded by another and another. The Father broke off his instruction and said kindly to the

frightened children, "Come nearer to the sanctuary. We are going to sing the Litany of the Madonna. The storm won't hurt us."

"*Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison,*" sang the children as they drew round in loving confidence. Then came the sublime address to the Blessed Trinity, followed by the sweet appeal to the Mother of God for intercession: "*Sancta Maria, Sancta Dei Genetrix, Sancta Virgo Virginum, ora pro nobis;*" and the rest.

Paolo had hardened his heart for years, and refused to ask for mercy, but he had longed many a time to be other than he was. Now, the remembrance of the days when he too was an innocent child came upon him, and he felt his sin too heavy to be borne. Hardly conscious of the act, he knelt down, hid his face between his hands and wept. Again the strain changed:

"*Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, parce nobis, Domine. Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, exaudi nos, Domine. Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.*"

Paolo well understood the old familiar language, and every word pierced him to the soul. What claim had he to mercy? What mercy had he shown Giuseppe? He hardly noticed the war of elements without, so loud and vehement were the conflicting emotions of his own heart.

But the storm was not of very long continuance. By the time the children had sung a few hymns in their native tongue it had passed over the village, and though the ground was wet with heavy rain, the sun shone out as brightly as before. The sound of many little feet as they went down the aisle recalled Falconi to himself. He got up, and as he went out, made way to let the Father pass before him. The latter waited courteously for him to come up, and then walked with him as far as a cross-road that led back to the village.



That night Paolo went to F. Méry's Meditation. Some of the villagers looked at each other significantly when he came in, and Filipa jostled her next neighbor to draw attention to him. Paolo took no heed. Something had passed through his soul that afternoon that made human respect a thing of small account. He knelt down with an air of reverence and recollection. All night long he had continually coming and going before his mind the picture of the young priest, and the children kneeling round the sanctuary. He had a strong desire to see him again, as if to look upon him would be relief without any definite idea of asking counsel. He came into the church the next day during the Catechism and sat down in the same place. The instruction was upon Confession, and the way to make it and profit by it. Towards the end the Father drew the picture of a soul going to the Sacrament of Penance, laden with the guilt of mortal sin and leaving it absolved, set loose from its chains, restored to God's favor, and walking again in justice in the sight of men and angels. Then he said how children should long and strive to keep their baptismal robe unstained; it was so sad for sin to touch the just, and no child ever knew how far one sin might go. Another's soul might have remained unsullied if it had never seen a sin to copy. The child that set a good example fought God's battles; the child that set a bad one did the devil's service. A fault was not always trifling in its consequences. He knew a priest who for nearly twenty years had done penance for one committed in his childhood, which had caused his father to fall into mortal sin. If they loved their parents, they would understand how deep the sorrow of that son must be. Here he left off. The children sang again the same sweet litany which had touched the stony heart of Paolo the day before, and then

went home. The Father and Falconi were left alone together in the church.

Half an hour afterwards, several of the villagers came in and placed themselves on the benches near the confessional, to be ready for the priest as the turn of each should come. Some one had been beforehand with them, and his confession seemed interminable. They waited and wondered, and wondered and waited, and at last began to ask each other in loud whispers who it could be. No one could tell. Six o'clock was the supper hour in San Carlo, and misgivings as to the fate of the soup and the stewed haricots began to mix themselves up with their feelings of contrition. One or two at last got up and walked off with their covered baskets in a determined way that implied they were not going to put up with it any longer.

Filipa, whose effrontery was always a match for her curiosity, stole at last on tiptoe to the confessional, just lifted the curtain and peeped in. It was Paolo! Paolo, gasped she to her nearest neighbor, with a half bewildered look. "It is Paolo!" passed from mouth to mouth. Doubts as to the utility of staying longer presently caused some little restlessness. The priest became aware of it, and opening the door of the confessional, said, "Do not wait now at this inconvenient hour. I know you are wanted in your homes; come to me as soon as you like after sunrise in the morning." They all got up and left the church, Filipa remarking that if they had waited till Paolo Falconi had told all his sins they would have had but a poor chance of any supper.

"Hold thy tongue, Filipa," said Zita's old grandmother; "how long would it take thee, I wonder, to tell all thy idle words?"

"Well, a good while, madre, I do believe," said Filipa, good humoredly; "but how pale the Father looked! Paolo would have told him some queer tales, I expect."

"Peace," said the old woman, "don't mock! The angels rejoice when a sinner goes to confession. Give glory to God. No doubt the Madonna has been praying for him." Filipa for once made no reply, and the Angelus ringing at that moment, they all knelt down to say it, and then hurried to their respective homes to ward off impending danger from the soup.

A day or two afterwards the Retreat came to a close. The good curé was delighted with its results. F. Mérimy when he took leave of the people on the last night, told them that F. San Fiorenzo and himself hoped to be there again on Easter Day, when there would be two Masses early in the morning and High Mass at eleven, so that no one could complain of not having the opportunity of going to communion.

Easter Sunday came and F. San Fiorenzo said Mass at half-past five. Two persons assisted at the holy sacrifice, and received communion from his hand, for whom there was universal sympathy; Paolo Falconi and his wife Giacinta. Paolo's demeanor was simple, earnest, and humble, and no one doubted the reality of his conversion. Many kindly greetings met his ear as he went home from Mass.

That night peace, such as the angels sang of, was in Falconi's home. Three happy hearts had met together. Once more Giacinta spread the table, and this time with all her little wealth of rural luxury. Well might a bright smile light up her face as she busied herself with hospitable cares! Her husband was reconciled to God, and the priest who blessed the evening meal was her Giuseppe. She had not invoked the Mother of God in vain.

The mystery of Giuseppe's disappearance was never unravelled to the villagers. It is impossible to say whether the large bronze medal on his breast, against which a slug from the gun had flattened itself, had saved

his life: there had been a quantity of shot besides, much of which had pierced him in dangerous parts. The good curé at the first moment had believed him dead, then doubted, and finally had carried him out of the wood, when providentially he met old Giovanni, and a moment after saw the priest of the next parish riding back to his presbytery. The latter, with Giovanni at his side, carried the child home before him on his mule, taking an unfrequented road across the mountain, after making it a condition that no one should be told where he was. If he died, the truth must come out. If not, he must be kept out of Falconi's way. The priest of San Carlo would have made an exception in favor of Giacinta, but that increased the difficulty of keeping the secret from her husband. Giuseppe was tenderly nursed, and after a long period of weakness recovered. During his illness and convalescence he became the darling of the old priest who had so charitably befriended him, and through his interest a lady of noble family at Bastia offered to provide liberally for his education. As soon as it was safe to move him, he was sent to San Fiorenzo, and there Giacinta went to meet him. It was afterwards thought prudent to drop the name of Falconi, and when he went to France he was known only as Giuseppe di San Fiorenzo, a name he had continued to retain. He was ardently attached to the fathers who had brought him up, and, when old enough, had solicited admission, and been received into their body. Three years before his visit to San Carlo, he had been ordained priest at Bastia, the same day that Giacinta hung her wreath in the Madonna's chapel and the villagers talked about it at the well.

There is little more to be told; Paolo's conversion was sincere and lasting, and out of gratitude for having been spared the awful crime he believed he had committed, he built



a chapel to the Madonna on the spot where the wooden cross had been planted. It was afterwards known by the name of La Capella del Velo della Madonna, and became a favorite pilgrimage. Parents to this day, when their sons are sent out into the world, go there to pray for them. As pilgrims tell the tale, the child of a pious mother was on the point of being murdered in the wood, when

the Blessed Virgin appeared, spread her veil over him, and converted the brigand on the spot.

Giuseppe always said he had been saved by the interposition of the Madonna, and Giacinta never doubted it, and in order to explain a mystery which they could not understand, the piety and poetry of mountain imaginations invented the graceful legend of the Madonna's Veil.

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## LOVE'S REPROACH.

### I.

THE blood-stained locks are tangled  
 Beneath His crown of thorn :  
 His blessed feet are mangled,  
 His tender hands are torn.  
 The burning Heart is mastered  
 By death's strong agony :  
 "Oh ! who" (the angels ask Him),  
 "Hath done these things to Thee?"

### II.

The red print of the lashes  
 His sacred shoulders dye :  
 "Oh ! whence these livid gashes?  
 Oh ! whence these wounds?" they cry.  
 Alas ! the plaintive answer  
 Reproach and longing blends :  
 "' *The wounds wherewith they wounded Me*  
*In the houses of My friends !* '"

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

## THE JUBILEE.

I SHOULD not, says Father Faber, be obliged to lay down my life to defend my belief in the honor of my mother, but I should think myself worse than an infidel if I were to refuse the last drop of my blood to defend the honor of the Holy See.

Veneration for Rome has been the distinctive characteristic of all great men in the Church; whether their lot was cast in the disputations of the forum, in the reflective oratory of the pulpit, or in the silence of the convent-cell, their hearts beat to the love of the Mother Church, and they, like Ireland's great tribune, wished their hearts in Rome wherever their bodies might be placed.

These thoughts ran furtively through our mind while glancing over the paternal communication of the great and good Pius IX, announcing the special grace of a universal jubilee. We could not help thinking that it was not only a special grace, but a special honor to belong to that Church whose father is thus not only of the great, but also of the little ones in his fold; who, more than this, even prays for the humble and comparatively insignificant of his children while designedly omitting to mention the crowned heads who have been and still are, in spite of their professions of loyalty, plotting dire deeds against the Lord's anointed.

With the aid of memory we looked back through the unbroken line of Pontiffs, and as the days of grace approach, we find each *Pastor of Pastors* never too busy to forget announcing the year of prayer, the days of grace to the world, which in past days, as in the present, failed to honor the Lord their God.

From Boniface VIII, stern man that he was—not too stern, however, for the times in which he lived—till the days of our own Pius IX, these

glorious leaders of God's Church have not ceased to proclaim that: "If at all times it is necessary—now more especially is it so—most beloved sons, to cleanse the conscience from dead works, to offer the sacrifices of righteousness, to bring forth fruits meet for repentance, and to sow in tears that you may reap in joy. The divine majesty sufficiently shows what he requires from us, while now, for a long time, through our depravity, we are laboring under his threatenings and under the inspiration of the spirit of his anger. In truth, 'Men are accustomed when they are suffering under a too hard necessity to send ambassadors to neighboring nations to receive some aid. We, as is better, send an embassy to God himself;' from him we implore aid; to him we turn with all our hearts, with prayers and fasting and alms. For 'the nearer we are to God, the further shall our enemies be driven from us.' (S. Maxim Torin. Hom., xci.) But do ye chiefly hear the apostolic voice because we are ambassadors of Christ. Ye who labor and are heavy laden, and who, departing from the path of salvation, are oppressed by the yoke of depraved desires and by the slavery of the devil, do not despise the riches of the goodness and patience and long-suffering of God; and while there is opened out before you so easy and broad a way for the obtaining of pardon, do not, by your obstinacy, render yourselves inexcusable before the divine judge, and lay up for yourselves a treasure of wrath in the day of wrath and of the revelation of the just judgment of God. Return, therefore, sinners, be reconciled to God; the world passeth away and the lust thereof; cast off the works of darkness, put on the armor of light; cease to be the enemies of your own souls, so that you may



at the last merit peace in this world, and in the world to come the eternal rewards of the just. These are our desires; these things we will not cease to ask from the most merciful Lord; and these same benefits—all the sons of the Catholic Church being united to us in this society of prayer—we trust we can obtain accumulatively from the Father of Mercies. Meanwhile, for the successful and salutary fruit of this holy work, let the auspicious omen of all grace and heavenly gifts be the apostolic benediction, which, from our inmost heart, we affectionately grant in the Lord to you all, venerable brethren, and to you, beloved children, as many as are numbered within the Catholic Church."

Enemies of the Church will maintain that at the beginning of the fourteenth century love for the eternal city and its relics had died out of the Christian heart. They forgot that it was owing to the very opposite state of sentiment that Boniface VIII proclaimed this universal jubilee:

"The Holy Father, perceiving that at the close of the century a great number of pilgrims arrived at Rome, because their fathers had told them that every hundred years, at the close of the century, they ought to visit the tombs of the Apostles to acquire the benefits of the jubilee, he, in the year 1300, did not institute, but renewed the plenary indulgence." (De Monton.)

When Clement VI, in 1342, took possession of the papal throne, the spirit of the faithful had not flagged; they appreciated the graces of the Church as had done their predecessors; and among three special requests made the Pope by his people, the last was that he would "reflect how few could enjoy the jubilee granted centennially by Boniface VIII, and to appoint the jubilee for every fifty years."

Perhaps this request was the movement of a few wise individuals. Let figures decide.

"From Easter to Christmas, twelve hundred thousand pilgrims were computed to have arrived." This, let it be remembered, in days when travel was difficult, and accommodation unsatisfactory.

Urban VI, amid all his troubles, thought of the wants of the Church, and, taking the brevity of life into account, further reduced the epoch in which the jubilee should occur. In a spirit that cannot be too strongly indorsed, he selected as the division of time that which marked the life of Christ, and ordered the next jubilee to take place in 1391, with the further declaration that the form should be repeated every thirty-three years.

At every recurrence of the privileged year, the concourse of pilgrims was the same. In 1450, when Nicholas V celebrated the jubilee he had announced the previous year, so great was the concourse that, in crossing the St. Angelo Bridge, several heart-rending accidents took place.

Paul II, deeply concerned at the ravages of the Turks, knew that if men refused their help to drive off the invaders, God's arm was not shortened, and the power of prayer, he thought, might supply the lack of human agencies. Hence, in 1471, he proclaimed that, as the trials of the Church were increased, so should the supplications of her children augment. He therefore ordained that the jubilee should occur every twenty-fifth year, and his decree in this respect has been preserved till the present time. Like many others, he gave a favor which he did not live to enjoy. He died before the year 1475, in which it was to be celebrated.

The year 1500 found Alexander VI in the pontifical chair. He made improvements in the eternal city, to give more comfort to the pilgrims; among others, he ordered that a broader and more convenient street should be made between St. Angelo and St. Peter's.

This Pontiff narrowly escaped

death during this year from the following circumstances :

While the Pontiff was seated in the Vatican Palace, on St. Peter's Day, an enormous chimney fell, crushing in its descent the ceiling of the room in which he was sitting. As a thanksgiving, Alexander went in solemn procession, shortly after, to the *Madonna del Popolo*, and there expressed his gratitude for so miraculous an interposition.

Clement VI, in 1525, celebrated the eighth jubilee from that of Boniface, this being also the second twenty-fifth year's anniversary. It was a sad time for the recurrence of so great a festival. Owing to the pestilence then raging, few pilgrims visited the Eternal City, a city so soon to be pillaged by the followers of the apostate Luther.

Julius III, successor to Paul III, celebrated the next jubilee in 1550, and gave proof of his fatherly sympathy by importing large quantities of breadstuffs to supply the wants of the thousands who were indigent, that year happening to be one of unusual scarcity of provisions in Rome.

Gregory XIII, not only an admirable Pope, but a far-seeing Prince, had the happiness of proclaiming the holy year, 1575. He avoided all the inconveniences attendant upon previous jubilees, and took means that not only Rome, but all the ecclesiastical states should be prepared to receive and protect the pilgrims. *Commissioners of abundance* were appointed, who were to procure large quantities of the necessaries of life. Rents were not to be increased, and no one was to be turned away from lodging-houses till the end of the holy year. The churches were embellished, and a wide street was opened between St. Mary Major and St. John Lateran. The results were such as to repay the trouble thus taken.

In 1600 Clement VIII celebrated the next jubilee, and the year of grace was availed of by at least three and

a quarter millions, the number of pilgrims on Easter Day being estimated at fully two hundred thousand.

France, which we are told to believe was entirely lost to the Church at this time, sent no less than three hundred thousand pilgrims.

Urban VIII, a Pontiff known so well in history through his connection with the pretended persecution of Galileo, celebrated the twelfth jubilee.

Notwithstanding the political difficulties of the year 1649, the Holy Father, Innocent X, inaugurated the thirteenth jubilee, and pilgrims braved the dangers incident to a war between two Catholic countries, France and Spain, to profit by the grace of the Holy Father, and large numbers constantly arrived in Rome.

Clement X, to whom America is particularly indebted for having founded an Episcopal see in Quebec (Canada), inaugurated, and notwithstanding his age and infirmities, made several of the visitations referred to, to gain the indulgence of the Holy Year. He went no less than twelve times to Trinity hospital to wash the pilgrims' feet. What he could not accomplish in person, he did through his liberal alms.

Innocent XII, less fortunate than Clement X, could not formally open the jubilee in 1699, the ceremony being performed for him by Cardinal De Bouillon on Christmas-day.

Benedict XIII announced the sixteenth jubilee, on June 26th, 1724, and celebrated it in the following year.

Benedict XIV, noted for his writings and his general ability, proclaimed the next jubilee. In the announcement of the Holy Father, he also spoke of the necessity for proper attention to the keeping in the strictest neatness the house of God.

Pius VI opened the eighteenth jubilee, and provided for the wants of the thousands who flocked to the Seven Hilled City. It is asserted that



one hundred and thirty thousand pilgrims visited Rome without the slightest accident having occurred.

No jubilee was published for 1800, owing to the vacancy in the Apostolic chair in 1799.

"The great event of the reign of Leo XII," says De Montor, "was undoubtedly the jubilee of 1825, the first held in the century, and against which many arguments were then adduced." It seems there were *inopportunities* in those days also.

"On Ascension-day," says the same author, "he issued the bull of preparation, clear, bold, and cheering as a clarion's note. . . . It speaks only as a Pope could speak, with a consciousness of power that cannot fail, and of authority that cannot stray. Its teaching is that of a master, its instruction that of a serf, its piety that of a saint. . . . When, after having warmly exhorted those who, in addition, recognize his temporal dominion, he turns to those who are not of his fold, . . . and in words of burning charity and affectionate forgiveness, he invites them to approach him, and accept him as their *father* too, his words bring back the noble feature with which he threw open his arms when he gave his first public benediction, and seemed to make a way in his heart for all mankind, and then press them to it in a tender embrace."

Stirring sermons were delivered previous to the jubilee, to prepare men's hearts.

The Holy Father, to prevent any fear that might be entertained about the feeding and sheltering of the poor pilgrims, sent word to various embassies that he did not wish them to take any trouble upon themselves, as he intended to defray all such expenses himself.

"The Holy Father," says the author previously quoted, "was the soul of the jubilee. . . . He had repeatedly to show himself to the crowds and bless them. They were instructed to hold up whatever they

wished to have blessed; and certainly scarcely ever did Rome present a more varied crowd, arrayed in every variety of costume, from the sober and almost clerical dress of German peasants to the rainbow hues of the Abruzzi or Campania. But the Pope manifested his hearty sympathy in his jubilee by a more remarkable proof than these. *He daily served in his own palace twelve at table, and continued this practice throughout his reign.*"

It is not possible for us now to enter into the details that would be required to narrate the history of the jubilees proclaimed by our present holy father, Pius IX. These might form a lengthy article in themselves, for it must not be forgotten that besides the ordinary jubilees, granted every twenty-five years, special occasions call for the extension of the great privilege.

Sixtus V, one of the greatest of Popes, was the first to publish a jubilee, at the opening of a pontificate, "to obtain from God a successful and a wholesome government of the Christian republic."

Pius VIII granted an extraordinary jubilee in 1829; Gregory XVI in 1833 and 1842; and the reigning pontiff in 1847, 1854, and 1858—that of 1850 being the ordinary holy year.

The ceremonies attached to the opening and closing of the Holy Year are worthy of attention.

"The Holy Year begins at first vespers of Christmas, and lasts till the last vespers of Christmas in the ensuing year—the moment of closing the Holy Door after remaining open a whole year. On that day the Pope proceeds in procession from the portico of St. Peter's, which is closed, as are also the other basilicas. There, surrounded by cardinals and prelates, and also by the Swiss guard, he approaches the Holy Door, which is walled up. He strikes it thrice with a silver hammer; then the grand plenipotentiary strikes it twice. It is

soon thrown down by the *San Pietrini*, and pilgrims from all parts seek, with eager devotion, to gather up the ruins. The threshold is then washed by twelve pilgrim priests. After the usual ceremonies, the Pope enters, as do cardinals delegated for the purpose the other basilicas, the cardinal deacon of St. Paul's and the two arch-priests, St. John Lateran and St. Mary Major. The same cardinals close the doors of these basilicas on Christmas eve the next year. During these ceremonies prayers are recited, having reference to the jubilee proclaimed.

Father Wenninger gives this epitomized definition of a jubilee :

“By a jubilee we mean a year of grace, in which our Holy Father the Pope grants an extraordinary plenary indulgence to those who make a pilgrimage to Rome.

“By the grant of Boniface VIII, the jubilee was to take place every hundred years ; by that of Paul II, every

twenty-five years. What the jubilee was for the Jews in a temporal point of view, viz., a year of deliverance from servitude, a year of rest, it was intended to be for Christians in a spiritual point of view, viz., a year of deliverance from the servitude of sin, and peace of conscience. The jubilee takes place first at Rome ; the year after the indulgence of the jubilee can be joined throughout the whole Church. This year is called the Holy Year. In modern times, the Popes are accustomed to grant a plenary indulgence in the form of a jubilee on other particular occasions. As in our days wickedness spreads more rapidly than ever, the Pope oftener affords these opportunities for penance and sanctification.”

The reader who desires to study the close resemblance between the Jubilee Year of the Jews and that of the Holy Year in the Christian Church, can find an explanation in any good manual of Catholic instruction.

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## LETTERS TO A PROTESTANT FRIEND,

GIVING A BRIEF HISTORY OF PROTESTANTISM AND OF CHURCH-OF-ENGLANDISM IN THE WORDS OF PROTESTANTS.

### EIGHTH LETTER.

DEAR SIR: The next person I have to introduce in the building up of the Church of England, founded on Henry VIII, and by law established, is the son and heir of the deceased supreme head of the antichristian institution, namely, Edward VI, who came to the crown at the age of nine years and four months. Before I proceed further, it will be proper to view the peculiar aspects of the edifice rising above the swamp of iniquity. They are portrayed in the principal prejudices against the Ref-

ormation in this first grade of succession, and are presented to us by a pseudo bishop of the Parliament agency.

BURNET.—“The first prejudice is, that the whole Church, being one body, the changes that were made in religion did *break that unity*, and dissolve the bond by which the Catholic Church is to be knit together ; and that the first reformers began, and we still continue, a *schism* in the Church. The second prejudice is, that the Reformation was



began and carried on, not by the major part of the bishops and the clergy, but by a few selected bishops and divines, who, being supported by the name of the king's authority, did frame things as they please; and by their interest at court, got them to be enacted in Parliament, and after they had removed such bishops as opposed them, then they procured the Convocation to consent to what was done, so that upon the matter, the Reformation was the work of Cranmer, with a few more of his party, and not of this church, which never agreed wholly to it, till the bishops were so modelled as to be compliant to the designs of the court. A third prejudice is, that the persons who governed the affairs at court were weak or ill men; that the king being under age, things were carried by those who had him in their power. And for the two great ministers of this reign, or rather the administrators of it, the Dukes of Somerset and Northumberland, as their violent and untimely deaths may seem to be the effects of the indignation of heaven for what they did; so they were both eminently at fault in the administration, and are supposed to have sought too much their own ends. This seems to cast a blemish on their actions, and to give some reason to suspect the things were not good which had such instruments to advance them. A fourth prejudice is raised from the great invasions which were made upon the church lands, and things dedicated to pious uses, which is a thing hated by men of all religions, and branded with the odious names of *sacrilege* and *robbing of God*, so that the spoils of religious houses and churches seem to have been the secret motives that at first drew in, and still engage, so many in the Reformation. A fifth prejudice which seems to give ill impressions of our Reformation is, that the clergy have now no interest in the consciences of the people, nor any inspection

into their manners, but they are without yoke or restraint. All the ancient canons for the public penance of scandalous offenders are laid aside, and our clergy are so little admitted to know or direct the lives and manners of their flocks, that many will scarce bear a reproof patiently from them. Our ecclesiastical courts are not in the hands of the bishops and their clergy, but put over to civilians, where too often fees are more strictly looked after than the correction of manners. These courts are much complained of, and public vice and scandal is but little inquired after and punished. Excommunication is become a kind of secular sentence, and is hardly now considered as a spiritual censure, being judged and given out by laymen; and often upon grounds which, to speak moderately, do not merit so severe and dreadful a sentence. There are, besides these, a great many other abuses . . . which yet continue, and are too much in use amongst us." (Hist. of the Reformation, vol. 2, Preface.)

The reasonableness of these prejudices may be judged by the evidence which will be brought forward as I pursue my history.

NEAL.—"Edward's father, by his last will and testament, named sixteen persons executors of his will and regents of the kingdom, till his son should be eighteen years of age, but of these the king's uncle was chosen protector of the king's realms and governor of his person. Among the regents, some were for the old religion and others for the new, but it soon appeared that the reformers had the ascendant." (Hist. of Puritans.)

The bishops were required to take out new commissions of the same tenor with those of the late reign.

BURNET.—"The substance of it (the commission) was, that since all jurisdiction, both ecclesiastical and civil, flowed from the king as the supreme head, and he was the foun-

dation of all power, it became those who exercised it only at the king's courtesy, gratefully to acknowledge that they had it only of his bounty, and to declare that they would deliver it up again when it should please him to call for it." (Hist. of Refor.)

COLLIER.—"If the king is the fountain of all manner of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, if his lay vicegerent might lawfully act in the room of all the bishops in England, provided he were at leisure, and able to do it in person; if the bishops, in the execution of their office, are only the king's representatives, and revocable at will; if these affirmatives are all defensible, as the commission sets forth, then without question the hierarchy can have no jurisdiction assigned in the New Testament, nor any authority derived from our Saviour. . . . The power of the keys is lodged with the secular magistrate, and if so, what independent right can the bishops have for the exercise of their function? How can they make any claim to a charter of government from our Saviour? Or what pretence can they have to admit or exclude from church communion upon this foot? And if their pretensions to govern must fall thus far, the powers supposed by the letters-patent to be given them in Holy Scripture must be of slender consideration." (E. Hist.)

To return to our history, preparations being made for the late king's funeral, his obsequies were performed with great solemnity. The 2d of February, the corpse was removed from the privy chamber and brought into the chapel. It continued there twelve days, with masses and dirges, and said every day. Norroy each day standing at the choir-door, pronounced aloud: "Of your charity, pray for the soul of the high and mighty prince, our late sovereign Lord and King, Henry VIII." February 14th, the corpse was removed and lodged that night at Sion.

BURNET.—"Sion having been a house of religious women, it was called a signal mark of the displeasure of heaven, that some of his blood and fat dropped through the lead in the night, and it was said that the dogs licked it next morning. This was much remarked in commendation of Friar Peto, who had threatened him, in a sermon at Greenwich, that the dogs should lick his blood."

COLLIER—"When the funeral was over, the peers appointed executors of Henry's will were created. The Protector was made Duke of Somerset. In the late king's book, where the settling of estates upon this new creation was specified, the Protector had a promise of six of the best prebends that should fall vacant in any Cathedral, two of which were afterwards, at his request, changed for a deanery and treasurership. The disposing of ecclesiastical preferment to secular men may possibly seem somewhat odd, but it was not uncommon at that time. The others of the laity had spiritual promotions without cure bestowed upon them. To make them deans and prebendaries was a further step, and less capable of excuse, for these dignitaries were designed for a standing council to the bishop, and obliged to several duties in the cathedral peculiar to the priestly function." (Hist. of Refor.)

BURNET.—"These courtiers, like men that minded nothing more than the enriching themselves, took a certain course to make the mischief perpetual, by robbing the Church of those endowments and helps it had received from the munificence of the founders of the cathedrals, who were generally the first Christian kings of the nation; which had it been done by law, would have been a thing of very bad consequence, but as it was done, was directly contrary to the Magna Charta, and to the king's coronation oath." (Eccles. Hist.)

COLLIER.—"Instead of a sermon at the coronation, Archbishop Cran-

mer made a speech to the king, to the following effect: In the first place, he declares the king's right to govern did not depend upon any engagement at his coronation; that his crown, being given him by God Almighty, could not, by failure in the administration, be forfeited to either Church or State; that it is the part of the bishop who officiates at this solemnity, to remind princes of what God expects from them; and here Cranmer suggests, the king being God's vicegerent and Christ's vicar in his own dominions, was obliged to follow the precedent of Josias, to take care the worship of God was under due regulations, to suppress idolatry, remove images, and discharge the tyranny of the bishop of Rome, etc."

NEAL.—"The sole right and authority of reforming the Church of England was now vested in the crown, and by the act of succession, in the king's council, if he were under age. The reformation of the Church of England (by law established) was begun and carried on by the king, assisted by Cranmer, and a few select divines. The clergy in convocation did not move it, but as they were directed and overawed by their superiors, nor did they consent till they were modelled to the designs of the court." (Hist. Purit.)

COLLIER.—"The privy council, projecting a farther reformation, resolved upon sending commissioners into all parts of the kingdom, by way of visitation."

We may learn from these proceedings of the privy council, and from the persons appointed for the visitation, in conjunction with the proceedings of the former reign, how much more lay people were employed in the erection of the church by law established than the clergy; and how properly and how emphatically it is styled *a religion established by law*. A book of Homilies, or sermons upon the chief points of the Christian faith (as it was pretended)

drawn up chiefly by Cranmer, was printed, and ordered to be left with every parish priest, to supply the defect of preaching, which few of the clergy, at that time, were capable of performing. I beg particular attention to several observations on various parts, both of the 1st and 2d Book of Homilies, which in the thirty-nine articles (art. 35), are said "to contain a godly and wholesome doctrine necessary for these times," and which, with respect to the first book, we are told, were chiefly composed by Cranmer.

In the first place, I proceed to notice an instance of glaring contradiction and self-condemnation. In the homily for Whit Sunday, part 2, we are told, "Unless the Holy Ghost had been always present, governing and preserving the Church from the beginning, it could never have sustained so many and great brunts of affliction and persecution, with so little damage and harm as it hath." In the 2d part of the homily, against the peril of idolatry, we are furnished, in defiance of the protection and guidance of the Holy Spirit, with this sweeping and blasphemous assertion, of the total destruction of Christ's Church here on earth: "Laity and clergy, learned and unlearned, all ages, sects, and degrees of men, women, and *children of Christendom* (an horrible and most dreadful thing to think) have been at once drowned in abominable idolatry, of all other vices most detested of God, and most damnable to man, and that by the space of eight hundred years and more." With this awful denunciation, the whole of the Church, "The pillar and ground of truth, the everlastingly beloved spouse of Christ (as St. Paul speaketh), is levelled to the ground; and all persons throughout Christendom, men, women and children, for eight hundred years, are declared to be no better than Pagans, immersed in damnable idolatry!" And these horrible falsehoods were



to be taught to the people from the pulpits of the new "Church" established by law. These blasphemous words, inasmuch as they contradict the promises of Christ with respect to the perpetual duration and perpetual faithfulness of his Church, were pronounced in the thirty-nine articles "to contain a godly and wholesome doctrine necessary for these times" of the so-called "reformation."

In the same book of Homilies, we find the character given to Henry VIII, in which he is styled "a faithful and true minister of God, who gave him the knowledge of his word, and an earnest affection to seek his glory, and to put away all such superstitious and pharisaical sects, by Antichrist invented, and set up again the true word of God, and glory of his most blessed name, as he gave the like spirit to the most noble and famous princes, Jasaphat, Josias, and Ezekias." (3d part of Sermon on Good Works.)

Now the men who could speak in this nauseous manner of Henry VIII when dead and buried, and when his wicked actions were matter of notoriety, were of a more detestable character than the hideous, bloody, brutal monster himself. People are to be taught from the pulpit to consider this extremely depraved prince, in defiance of his scandalous conduct to his wives, in defiance of the numerous murders which he perpetrated in cold blood, in defiance of the dreadful rapine and sacrilege which he committed upon religion and charity, in defiance of a long catalogue of wicked actions which have made his name the synonym of hellish iniquity, in defiance, I repeat, of all this, people are enjoined to consider Henry VIII a paragon of excellence, a true model worthy of imitation, a king endued with the same spirit as the most noble and famous princes of ancient times, a faithful minister of God! What becomes of truth, honor, and honesty in such satanical mendacity?

In the homily on idolatry we are emphatically told that "the law of God is to be understood against all our images, as well of Christ as his saints, in temples and in churches;" nay, that "our images also have been, and be, and, if they be publicly suffered in churches and temples, ever will be worshipped, and so idolatry committed to them. Wherefore our images in temples and churches be, indeed, none but idols (and further on, abominable idols), as unto the which idolatry hath been, is, and ever will be committed."

No language can be plainer than this; all images, which stand in temples and churches, are declared to be abominable idols.

How many thousand Protestant temples in England are condemned by this homily as places in which idolatry—a crime of all others most detested by God—is committed? We find in tracts, published by the Camden Society, Cambridge, and entitled "A Few Words to Church Wardens," these remarkable words: "Nothing is more strange than the modern taste in monuments; the same people who would gladly get rid of the few statues of saints and martyrs of old, which have been saved for us, will themselves put up images to modern preachers, and, perhaps, even to wicked men, and this over the very altar itself." Now it is of no avail to say, according to the book of homilies, that Protestants are instructed in the right use and purpose of images; for we are solemnly told, "that no remedy, as writing against idolatry, councils assembled, decrees made against it, severe laws likewise; and no proclamations of princes and emperors, neither extreme punishments and penalties, nor any other remedy, could or can possibly be devised for the avoiding of idolatry if images be publicly set up and suffered." Surely the infamous *government establishment* is self-convicted of knavery

and mendacity, in its frenzied opposition to the pious customs of the ancient and Christian dispensations. In the same farcical homily the dedication of churches to saints is compared to the *Dii Patroni*, the patron gods of the Pagans, "as the temple," it says, "of Diana, the our Lady of Ipswich, our Lady of Wilsdom, what is it but an imitation of the Gentile idolaters?" Yet we read every day of the dedication of Protestant churches (so called) to some particular saint or saints, the very practice here so audaciously condemned.

COLLIER.—"The gospellers, as they were then called, presuming on the countenance of the court, overrun the motions of the state, and ventured to reform without public authority; and under pretence of taking away the remains of superstition, took a great deal of unjustifiable liberties in churches and chapels. Of this we have an instance in Bishop Gardiner's letter to one Captain Vaughan. He complains to this gentleman that he was informed the images of our Saviour and the saints 'had been pulled down, at Portsmouth, with great contempt, the figure of our Saviour run through, and an eye bored out. That those heats went farther than the excesses of the Lutherans in Germany.' In May following he sent the Protector another letter: 'Upon the course of the letter he complains of the insufferable liberties of the press, of the stage, and the pulpits; and particularly that a scandalous ballad, called *Jack of Lent*, was lately published. That the duties of self-denial, the discipline of the holy season, and the solemn preparations for Easter were turned to a jest, and exposed in dog-grel. That notwithstanding these men pretend to combat superstition, and refine us to a more spiritual worship, yet it is plain their drift must be all for liberty and the animal life. They would fain have the privilege of talking and doing as they please, and unless their pens and

tongues are kept under restraint, the authority of the church will be lost, the distinctions in the state confounded, and we shall be reformed, in a little time, to license, luxury, and levelling.'"

BURNET.—"Some, anxious for a further reformation, were so full of zeal for it, that they would not wait on the slow motions of the state. So the curate and church wardens of St. Martin's in Ironmonger's Lane, in London, took down the images and pictures of the saints, and the crucifix out of their 'church,' and painted many texts of Scripture upon the walls, some of them *according to a perverse translation*; and in the place where the crucifix was they set up the king's arms (the lion and unicorn) with some texts of Scripture about it." (Hist. of Refor.)

This, I must say, was a very proper and judicious proceeding. For Christ and his saints had nothing to do with this conventicle established by law in England; therefore their images and pictures were not to be tolerated in it. But that the king, being supreme head of it in all supposed spiritual matters, it was both wise and decorous, in these impious destructives, to place his coat of arms, though images of animals, emblematic of ferocity and rapine, might happen to be upon it, in the place where the crucifix formerly stood in the holy Catholic church.

COLLIER.—"Before the visitors set forward in their work, Cranmer sent his mandate, by virtue of the king's letter, to the bishop of London. It was to give notice to the provincial bishops not to visit their respective dioceses, nor exercise any spiritual jurisdiction, nor preach anywhere but in their cathedrals, etc. By this inhibition the bishop's whole jurisdiction is laid asleep, and himself served with a citation to appear before the visitors. And which makes the case somewhat more extraordinary, the visitors are, most of them, laymen. They have a large compass

of jurisdiction in their instrument, and are empowered to visit the clergy and laity, to have all sorts of faculties and licenses and endowments laid before them, to examine the clergy's titles, and to inquire into the practice of the spiritual courts, and inspect, as it were, every part of the bishop's functions. Cranmer being now delivered from that '*too awful subjection,*' that he had been held under by Henry, resolved to go on vigorously in the work of destroying every vestige of the holy Catholic religion. He had the Protector firmly united to him in this design. Cox and Cheek, who were about the young king, the puling nine-year-old, were very careful to infuse irreligious principles into him. They succeeded in making the weak bastard, '*a pagan, who would not hear the Church.*'"

COLLIER.—"On the other side Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, was for making a stand upon the old ground. He thought the Reformation was sufficiently carried on in the late reign, and was by no means for refining any farther. This prelate was supported with considerable interest both in the clergy and others. He was much shocked at the forwardness of Cranmer, and complained of the imposition of the new homilies. . . . Cranmer urged a resolution of the Convocation, held in the year 1542, that the bishops and clergy then assembled agreed to draw up some discourses for public instruction, and prevent the spreading of error occasioned by ignorant and indiscreet preachers. To this Gardiner replies: 'The late king, by publishing a *form of belief*, had superseded the use of this expedient.' He tells Cranmer 'this book was called the King's Book, and commanded one Joseph not to preach against it. This length of compliance,' continues Winchester, 'I conceive your grace would not have gone, if you had not believed the doctrine of this book to have been sound and serviceable.

And if this book contains truth, a man cannot be said to be seduced to it, but from it. If you had found any dangerous heterodoxies in it, I conceive you would have declared your dissent at first, and not have had a share in passing it through the kingdom, for you know *we ought to obey God rather than man*. Since, therefore, you have lived four years in the possession of the doctrine of that book, and raised no scruples during the late reign, I cannot but wonder to find you affirm in your letters, just after our late sovereign's death, that his highness was seduced.'

"There was also a form of bidding prayer prescribed by the visitors. It was to be used by all preachers, either before or in their sermons, as they thought fit. The last part of it, differing from what is used at present, runs thus: 'You shall pray for all of them that be departed out of this world in the faith of Christ, that they with us, and we with them, at the day of judgment, may rest both body and soul with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven.'"

(Eccles. Hist.)

NEAL.—"Most of the bishops complied with the injunctions from the king (the nine-year-old), except Bonner and Gardiner. Bonner offered a reserve, but not being accepted, he made an absolute submission; nevertheless, he was sent for some time to the Fleet for contempt. Gardiner having protested against the injunctions and homilies, as contrary to the law of God, was sent also to the Fleet, where he continued till after the Parliament was over, and was then released by a general act of grace. In a letter to the Protector, Gardiner complains of harsh usage in prison; that he is not allowed the conversation of his friends; the convenience of servants; not so much as a chaplain to pray with him. He remonstrates against the rigor of Cranmer's proceedings; that he did not do well to apply to force, to borrow the Protector's authority to carry



on the controversy, and support his opinions, by committing those to prison who argued against him." (Eccles. Hist.)

CUNNINGHAM.—"The imprisonment and deprivation of Bonner and Gardiner furnished them with an excuse for the severe retaliation which their return to power enabled them to make. It is not possible to acquit Cranmer of the charge of intolerance. If compulsion might have been plead-

ed as an excuse for the part he acted in Henry's acts of persecution, that plea at least could no longer be urged in palliation of his conduct under Henry's youthful successor. Yet we find him employed to overcome Edward's reluctance to sign the death-warrant of Joan of Kent, and within a few days thereafter consigning Von Paris, a Dutchman, to the flames for Arianism." (Life of Cranmer.)

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### ETERNITY.

WHAT is eternity? Can aught  
Paint its duration to the thought?  
Tell every beam the sun emits,  
When in sublimest noon he sits;  
Tell every light-winged mote that strays  
Within its ample round of rays;  
Tell all the leaves and all the buds  
That crown the garden, fields, and woods;  
Tell all the spires of grass the meads  
Produce, when spring propitious leads  
The new-born year; tell all the drops  
That night, upon their bended tops,  
Sheds in soft silence, to display  
Their beauties with the rising day;  
Tell all the sand the ocean laves;  
Tell all its changes, all its waves;  
Or tell with more laborious pains  
The drops its mighty mass contains;  
Be this astonishing account  
Augmented with the full amount  
Of all the drops the clouds have shed,  
Where'er their wat'ry fleeces spread,  
Through all time's long-protracted tour,  
From Adam to the present hour,  
Still short the sum; it cannot vie  
With the more numerous years that lie  
Embosomed in eternity!

Was there a belt that could contain  
In its vast orb the earth and main;  
With figures was it clustered o'er,  
Without one cipher in the score;  
And would your lab'ring thought assign  
The total of the crowded line,

How scant th' amount ! th' attempt how vain !  
 To reach duration's endless chain !  
 For when as many years are run,  
 Unbounded age is but begun !

Attend, O man, with awe divine,  
 For this eternity is thine !

## ELLEN MAYLAND.

"COME in from the window, Ellen, and draw the curtains. Tea is ready ; and I am in a hurry."

The words were spoken by a middle-aged gentleman, who sat in an easy-chair before a bright, glowing fire, on a cold night in January. It was a cosy little room in which our story opens. Soft, velvety carpets adorned the floor ; elegant furniture, of the most costly description, was tastefully arranged round the room ; and the firelight danced and flickered on the huge pictures that hung on the walls.

It was the abode of luxury and wealth ; and the gentleman, who was evidently the master of the house, was not out of place with the elegance of the apartment. Mr. Mayland was a true picture of a town-bred gentleman ; and his face, still handsome, bore traces of the pride and self-will that, at one time of his life, might have reigned triumphant over every other feeling.

At one of the windows, with her back towards the gentleman, stood a lady—still fair and lovely, but past the springtide of youth. About twenty-six summers had passed over Ellen Mayland's head ; and the face that, in her girlhood, had beamed with mirth and vivacity, now wore a sad, pensive look, that matched well with the sweetness and purity of her nature.

Bands of rich dark hair were drawn from her white forehead, and lay in graceful braids on the back of her

head, adding a still greater charm to her pale, sweet face. She seemed lost in thought till the gentleman's voice reached her ; then she turned from her station, and, drawing the heavy crimson hangings over the windows, she took her place at the table, where the evening meal was laid out.

In silence she poured out tea for her father, and helped him to what she knew he liked ; and the meal was nearly finished before either spoke.

The gentleman had, occasionally, cast furtive glances at his daughter's grave face ; and, at last, he broke the silence, saying :

"Well, Ellen, have you thought over what I spoke to you about this morning?"

A bright flush passed over Ellen's face, but it was gone in a moment, leaving her even paler than before. After a short silence, she answered :

"Yes, father, I have considered it."

"And what is your determination?" he asked.

"That, if it is necessary to save you from ruin, father, I will marry Mr. Broughton. But oh ! if there is any other alternative, father, pray take it, and do not force me to marry a man I do not love!"

"There is nothing else before me but ruin, Ellen, unless you help me in this matter ; and, as to the rest, why I think any girl might be proud of such a husband as Henry Broughton. What more could you need in

a man than he possesses? He is rich, noble, and good; beloved by every one."

"I know, father," said Ellen timidly, "that Mr. Broughton is all you say. He is a true gentleman at heart, and I esteem and honor him more than any one next to you; but, father, I do not love him."

"You may learn that in time, child," said Mr. Mayland.

"Never, father; I can never love again," said Ellen.

"Would you wish to live and die an old maid, then?" asked he.

"Better that than to marry and be miserable, father," she replied.

"But I cannot see how you will be miserable, Ellen," persisted her father; "any one might love Henry Broughton."

"Yes, if they had not loved before," was the reply. "Father—once for all—I tell you I can *never* love again. My heart is buried with another; *you* know with whom."

He knew! Yes, indeed; who better?

Could he not see then in fancy the handsome, noble youth, who had boldly asked him for his daughter's hand; could he not remember with what harsh, cruel words he had scorned his request, because he was but a poor clerk in a city firm, whilst Ellen was the rich merchant's daughter. And, even now, could he not see, as he did then, his child's pale, agonized face, when she heard he had driven her lover from her.

Ellen was a gay, merry, light-hearted girl before that time; but, though years had gone by, she had never wholly recovered from the deep grief and melancholy that her father's severity to her lover had thrown her into.

And when, two years before this story opens, by chance Ellen had heard that young Wilmot was dead—could her father not remember her violent heartfelt grief—as deep and sincere as though she had but then lost him.

Mr. Mayland finished his tea in silence, and then rose from the table, and prepared to go out.

"Shall you be late, father?" asked Ellen, as she rang the bell for the servant to take away the tea-things.

"No. I'll try not to be, but if I am, Ellen, you need not wait up for me."

He stooped, and kissed her brow in a cold, business-like manner, and passed out of the room.

Ellen's thoughts were far from pleasant that night. Since she heard of Wilmot's death she had determined never to marry—to remain with her father always—yet when he told her that Henry Broughton had asked for her hand, and that by marrying him she would save her father from the ruin which must inevitably come upon him if she refused, she felt it would be best to sacrifice her own happiness rather than bring ruin and misery on her father in his old age. She had met Mr. Broughton for the first time about six months before this story opens, and though their acquaintance was but slight, she knew him to be a true, noble-hearted gentleman.

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Ellen had sat about an hour after her father's departure when a loud ring at the door-bell roused her from her reverie.

In a few minutes the servant came into the room with a card, saying,—

"The gentleman wishes to know if you will see him now, Miss?"

Ellen glanced at the card, and her face flushed and her voice trembled, as she replied,—

"No. No, I cannot see him to-night, Mary; tell him to come to-morrow."

The girl left the room, but in a moment she was back again,—

"Mr. Broughton says he will not detain you long, Miss, if you will only see him."

Before Ellen had time to reply she heard a light tread in the room, and



a gentleman advanced, bowing, and saying in a low voice—

"Pardon me, Miss Mayland, for this intrusion, but, if you will not mind, I would rather have our interview over to night."

Ellen did not speak, but, motioning the servant to leave the room, she sat down again, and Mr. Broughton took the chair lately vacated by her father.

"I suppose, Miss Mayland," he began, "you know the object of my visit?"

Ellen bowed assent, and he went on—

"We have known each other but a short time, but, Miss Mayland, I have learnt to love you dearly. I come to ask you to be my wife, and, if you give me a favorable reply, rest assured your happiness shall be the one object of my life."

"Mr. Broughton, I will be frank with you," said Ellen; "my father mentioned to me that you had asked his leave to pay your addresses to me, and he told me also that you had promised, on condition of my marrying you, to forgive him a debt due to you. I do not know how he contracted this debt, but he told me that all he possesses now will not cancel it. Therefore, to save my father from ruin, I will marry you. I promise to fulfil my duty towards you, but you must never expect love from me."

"And why not love?" he asked in a low voice.

"Because I can never love you," she replied. "I loved once dearly as ever woman loved, but that is past—I can never love again."

"Miss Mayland, will you give me your attention whilst I tell you a story?" asked Mr. Broughton.

"Certainly," said Ellen.

"There was once a youth," he began, "who belonged to a good family, but who, through family misfortunes, was reduced to utter poverty. The loss of his wealth had broken his father's heart, and he was left with a weak, delicate mother to support and

care for. He obtained a situation as clerk in a large firm, and drudged on there for three long years after his father's death.

"Then his mother died too, and at the age of twenty-two he found himself alone in the world, uncared for, and unloved. By chance this poor lonely youth met the daughter of a rich gentleman—a beautiful gentle girl, who, in herself, would have been a fortune to any man. What was more natural than that my hero should fall in love with this fair young girl, who always treated him with kindness?

"She was distantly related to the master of the firm, where the youth worked, and she often came to the house on a visit. Thus these two, so different from each other in a worldly view, were thrown together often, and, strange to say, the poor lonely youth had won as much interest from the wealthy heiress as she had won love from him. By and by, encouraged by the increasing gentleness of her manner towards him, the youth was bold enough to tell her of his love, but what was his delight and happiness when she acknowledged to him that he had won her whole heart.

"Despite his poverty, my hero was noble and good at heart, and, no sooner had the gentle girl told him she loved him, than he went straight to her father and begged to be allowed to win her. He did not wish to marry her then, he would not have taken her from her high position to make her a poor clerk's wife, but he asked for time, he promised to work hard to win a name and fortune to share with her. But alas! her father was a cold worldly man, and, when the youth had told the object of his visit, he treated him with bitter scorn and contempt, laughed at his idea of winning a name in the world, and blamed him with harsh words for daring to aspire to his daughter.

"Crushed by the cruel words the gentleman had uttered, and wounded deeply in spirit, the poor clerk de-

terminated to leave the place to seek somewhere else the rest and peace he could never find there again. But before doing this he had one last interview with the one he loved so vainly, and then she promised that as long as he lived she would never marry another."

Mr. Broughton paused and glanced at Ellen; she had buried her face in her hands, and now the gentleman could see her form was shaking with sobs.

"Miss Mayland," he said gently, "have I pained you?"

"Where did you learn my story?" she cried, "and why bring back that time long past?"

"There is a sequel to the story, Miss Mayland," said Mr. Broughton, "may I repeat that too?"

Ellen raised her head and without speaking motioned him to continue.

"When my hero left, he went abroad, and was fortunate enough to obtain a situation as companion to a gentleman, who was travelling for his health. With him he remained some years, till at last unable to stifle the longing after home in his heart, he returned, and—"

"Stop!" cried Ellen, "I know the rest; he died, my poor Henry!"

"Ellen," said Mr. Broughton in a low voice, "he died to the world as Henry Wilmot, but he lived still as—Ellen, Ellen, do you not know me?"

Ellen rose from her seat, and gazing wildly at Mr. Broughton she cried—

"I do not understand you; speak plainer."

"Henry Wilmot still lives, Ellen, and it is he who has come back unknown, and asked the rich merchant again for his daughter."

"You Henry Wilmot," cried Ellen. "No! no! it cannot be."

"Did we ever dream, Ellen, when we parted that a time would come when you would not know me?"

He stood up before her, and held out his arms.

"Ellen! my own Ellen! have you no word of welcome for me?"

She flew to him, and with a cry of stifled joy, she buried her face on his shoulder.

"Oh, Henry!" she cried, "how could we meet so often, and I not know you? Yet, now when I look back, I remember that, the first time I saw you, I fancied there was something strangely familiar about you. But, Henry, your changed name? What caused that?"

"I told you, Ellen," he said, "that I was of good family. Well, when my father lost his riches, his relations turned against him, and would have nothing to say to him. There was one relation on his mother's side, who had been very fond of him in his youth, but who took offence at his marriage, because my mother was of poor family. This was an old bachelor uncle, and it appears when he heard of my father's death, he was sorry for his harsh conduct to him. He died himself two years ago, and in his will he left his fortune, which was very large, to me wholly and entirely, with but one condition, and that was, that I should give up my own name, and take his. So you see, Ellen, the poor clerk, Henry Wilmot, was changed into the rich gentleman, Mr. Broughton. Now, Ellen, I have but one question to ask you. Do you still love me enough to marry me?"

"I have never ceased to love you," Ellen replied.

Mr. Mayland was not late that night, and Ellen and her lover were still sitting together, she listening with earnest interest to the account he was giving her of his life abroad, when her father entered the room. After the words he had with Ellen at the tea-table that night, he could not understand the shy glow of pleasure that rose to her brow, as his eyes met hers. He stood still in the room for a moment in astonishment, till

Mr. Broughton rose up, and in a few words told him what Ellen already knew.

Mr. Mayland was surprised beyond measure, and he acknowledged that his conduct, before, had been harsh and severe, but he hoped the past would be forgotten in the happiness of the future.

Two months later Ellen Mayland was married, and thus she secured her own happiness for life, as well as saved her father from ruin. Truly the first bright years of youth had fled forever, but she looked forward to a future of peace and happiness with the one she had loved so truly and so well.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE following extract from the Catholic *Citizen* paints a picture of the growing corruption of the age, which we fain would believe too dark, but which we are compelled to believe is not. It speaks in language which should find its way to the heart of every Catholic parent.

"It is rare now to find a young man or a young girl of perfect purity of heart. Their minds are filled, first, with the miserable New York story trash; and next they find a secret corner in which to hide some obscene book or pamphlet, in which illustrations are used to explain things which they should not know, and to place before their minds images which corrupt, first, their hearts; afterwards, their daily language; finally, their morals, and sometimes ruin both mind and body.

"But a great deal is owing to neglect of parents, who are often worse than Cain, without even the shadow of excuse that first murderer offered. Whenever a Catholic father says, as we often hear them say, 'My children will not read Catholic newspapers,' then that father is tried, judged, and condemned. Had he taken care to supply them with wholesome food they would not have acquired an unnatural taste for forbidden and nauseous things. Will it be believed, in a Christian land, that fathers born of Irish and Catholic parents are to be found in this city who take in these New York filthy weekly newspapers to the exclusion of Catholic papers, and who present to their children and read to their children, or have their children read to them accounts of murders and suicides and seductions and vices of all kinds, and that most frequently on the Sunday.

"These fathers are the monstrous Cains of our days before whose soul-murdering deeds the crime of Cain of Holy Writ appears to be but a venial offence. Their poor unhappy children have to go to the work-

shop and to the factory, and to run all the dangers which are ever to be encountered in cities; they return at night to their homes where the poison cup is again presented to them by hands which should guard them from the breath of impurity. Poor children! well, indeed, might they cry out: 'You, you at least, oh! my father, have mercy on me.'

THOSE who are inclined to regard Don Carlos's prospect of ascending the Spanish throne as desperate, will find in the following figures reason for being less positive in their opinion. Three years ago his force consisted of 300 Navarre peasants, undisciplined and wretchedly armed. The following is an estimate of his present forces by a writer who seems to be well informed: "Infantry, Navarre, 14 battalions; Catalonia, 12; Tarragona and Lerida, 10; Moestrazgo, 9; Guipuzco, 9; Alva, 6; Aragon, 6; Valencia, 6; Biscay, 5; Castile, 5. Cavalry, Catalonia, 6 squadrons; Lerida and Tarragona, 5; Castile, 3. Besides these there are two regiments under the names of No. 1 Del Rey and No. 2 de Bourbon. Their artillery, which at first was composed of only four poor mountain pieces and of six old mortars, picked up no one knows where, has been increased in a year to six batteries, completely organized, to which must be added twelve cannon from the foundry of Azpeitia."

To this must be added the advantages of strong military positions, an organized commissariat, increased financial resources, and the prestige of numerous victories.

Respectable, however, as is Don Carlos's army, it would be unreasonable to suppose that he could ultimately triumph should Spain unite in supporting Alfonso. But of that we see not the slightest probability. Nor do we regard it as at all desirable. At the utmost it would only settle the affairs of



that distracted kingdom for a very brief period. No government based upon liberalistic principles, which are fundamentally unchristian and antichristian, can by any possibility possess the elements of stability. Alfonso, it is becoming daily more evident, is only a tool of the liberals.

THE discussions elicited by Mr. Gladstone's "Expostulation" furnish another illustration of the truth that the Catholic Church is the "city that is set upon a mountain and cannot be hid." If he had made a similar attack upon some religious sect, upon the "Greek Church," or the Anglican, upon Presbyterianism, or Methodism, or Lutheranism, it would have been the subject of passing comment, and in a week's time would have been forgotten. But referring, as it does to Catholicity and the relation in which it stands to the state, the discussion attracts the attention of all intelligent minds.

The most widely circulating secular newspapers, both in England and the United States, open their columns to articles *pro* and *con*, and readers of every phase of religious opinion are brought to make it a subject of reflection. In this we find matter of congratulation. The more closely and thoroughly the doctrines of the Church are examined and studied the more clearly their truth will appear.

In our times there is lamentable ignorance of the true principles of civil government and of the true relation of the individual to the state. In proportion as the teaching of the Church in regard to these subjects is brought to view will it become evident that Catholicity furnishes the only real basis for stable governments and for personal freedom. The Gladstone controversy, therefore, is likely to produce good results, very different from what Mr. Gladstone expected.

THE Catholic ladies of New York have lately sent a sympathetic address to the Countess of Nesselrode and the other German ladies who were prosecuted and sentenced to fine and imprisonment for presenting an address to the Bishop of Munster. In it they say:

"As American Catholic ladies, we are warranted in protesting against religious persecution, seeing that the Catholic Colony of Maryland was the first in these United States to set the example of that religious liberty which she was the first to proclaim. We have, therefore, the right to speak in the sacred name of religious liberty."

This is only another instance of that community of interest and feeling which exists among all the children of the Catholic

Church. When one member of the mystical body suffers every other member suffers with it. The state tyranny under which our German fellow Catholics suffer excites the strongest abhorrence in America.

THE Jubilee, which was proclaimed by our Holy Father on Christmas Eve, for the year 1875, marks the completion of another cycle of time. Not only has the Pope lived to see even more than the years of Peter, but has also been permitted to proclaim one of those great periodical celebrations which are calculated to rejoice the hearts of the faithful, and to exhibit the unity of the Catholic world in the most striking light. Rome becomes, in this year of grace, 1875, even more than ever the centre of Catholic love and sympathy, the spiritual treasures of indulgence are copiously dispensed, and everything is done to excite faith and nourish contrition. Pope Boniface the Eighth instituted the festival of the Holy Year in A.D. 1300. Clement VI appointed it to be kept once in every fifty years, and Paul II in 1470 appointed it to be kept every twenty-five years.

THE London *Times* makes a number of statements respecting India affairs which augur very unfavorably for the continuance of British rule in India. The Anglo-India government has nominally a military establishment of two hundred thousand men; but from these it cannot put thirty thousand reliable and efficient troops into the field. A number of the native rulers have armies of from fifteen thousand to thirty thousand men, which are rapidly improving in discipline and effectiveness. Their united aggregate strength far exceeds that of the Anglo-India army. There is deep and widespread discontent and hatred of their oppressors in the hearts of the natives. This may at any time burst forth, and England may have a rebellion which, if it does not eventuate in the independence of India, will tax all the energies of England to prevent it.

THE progress of the Catholic religion in the United States, indicated by the continued erection of new churches and repairs of old ones, by the rapid multiplication of schools, both parochial and collegiate, and by the creation of new Episcopal Sees is very remarkable. The number of Catholic churches, as compared with those of other denominations, is greater in the West than in any other section of the country, ranging from one in three to one in six. There are few Catholic churches in the South, Virginia having only one to one hundred and forty Protestant churches, and Georgia one in two hundred and forty-five.

IN Switzerland, as elsewhere, liberalism is illustrating clearly its deadly hostility to true liberty. The pass to which it has brought religious matters in the European "home of the free" may be gathered from the fact that the St. Imier correspondent of the *Liberte* announces, as a matter for the greatest jubilation, that they actually had a priest there to say Mass on the preceding Sunday! The spectacle was most affecting, thousands of the mountaineers from all the surrounding districts trooping in in swarms to worship their God after the manner of their forefathers. Men, women, and even children, thronged to the sacraments in vast numbers, and the day was one of general rejoicing. At one time people might pray as they liked in Switzerland—now public worship is almost an unheard of luxury, and only to be indulged in at long intervals. What a "free" country!

THE Catholic clergy of Oregon have published a protest against the policy of the Indian Department, which has assigned thirty reservations to the Protestant missionaries and but eight to the Catholics. It is a patent and undisputed historical fact that the Catholic missionaries were the first to carry the truths of Christianity to the Indians of the great Northwest. More than eighty thousand Catholic Indians have been transferred to the Protestant missionaries. Such outrageous injustice, which is only one example of many like similar cases, induced his Grace, the Archbishop of Baltimore, to recommend, in the early part of last year, the establishment in Washington of a Catholic Bureau of Indian Affairs, whose object and mission is to watch over the interest of the Indian missions.

FACTS are constantly transpiring which reveal the rapid drift of Germany towards paganism. A Protestant minister at Berlin recently published a statement that, according to the records of marriages, the proportion of marriages celebrated in the Church for the current year was only *eleven* as against *sixty-three* during the corresponding period of last year; the civil officer officiating in a vast majority of instances.

What is still more grave, he adds that out of *fifty* infants only *twelve* are baptized. The writer well adds: "If this lasts, Berlin will soon have nothing but a population of pagans."

ON the 21st of December, 1874, His Holiness made the following American appointments:

The Episcopal Church of Dulma, *in partibus*, for the Rev. Father Domenicho Ma-

nucci, Vicar-Apostolic of Brownsville, Texas, newly erected.

The Bishopric of Bolina, *in part infid.*, for Right Rev. Ignatius Persico, formerly Bishop of Savannah, United States.

The Bishopric of Saint Antoine, in Texas, United States, newly erected, for Mgr. Andre Pellicier, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Mobile.

Bishops Pellicier and Manucci were both consecrated at the Cathedral of Mobile, on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, and the former bishop took possession of his newly erected See on Christmas day.

THE Right Rev. M. A. Corrigan, D.D., Bishop of Newark, has lately issued a circular to the clergy of his diocese, announcing to them that he has decided to call a theological conference at the Catholic Institute, Newark, on February 3d. The object of these conferences is to promote the study of the theology, cases both of conscience and of dogma being submitted to the consideration of the Reverend Clergy, and their opinions on them asked. The custom of holding these conferences is an ancient one in the Catholic Church, dating as far back as the tenth century. It was recommended for adoption in the United States by the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, and its advantages in promoting the study of theology, both dogmatic and moral, ecclesiastical discipline and ritual, are obvious.

THE Catholic portion, or "centre," as it is usually styled, of the German Parliament has sustained a severe loss in the death of Herr von Hoensbroech, Count of the Empire, and a rich landed proprietor of Westphalia, and brother-in-law of the Baron Felix von Loe, the illustrious President of the General Association of the Catholics of Maintz. The deceased was a member of the Prussian House of Lords, and he was the owner of a country-house and lands in Holland, which he placed at the disposal of the German Jesuits after their expulsion. He had rendered great services to the Catholic cause in his native province. Such men can, humanly speaking, ill be spared in these times.

ARE Catholics in the United States generally doing their duty as regards the colored population? The question is suggested to us by reading of the arrival of Bishop Vaughan, of Salford, England, with four more missionaries, from Mill Hill College, near London, whose field of labor is destined to be amongst the colored population of this country. England itself is a missionary country as regards the Catholic re-



ligion, and yet she sends priests to the United States. Is there no college or seminary in our country which can furnish priests for this class? Thousands and thousands of baptized colored Catholics are yearly lost to the Church; can we not put forth a hand to save them?

THE literary societies which have been formed in different parts of the United States, and which are doing a fair amount of good among Catholic young men, are summoned to send delegates to a National Convention at Newark, to meet on February 22d.

They appear to have been studying the progress of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union and the Temperance Union, and to have become convinced of the advantages of union. That "union is strength" is a motto, the truth of which is becoming daily more and more seen and acted on. The

enemies of the Church unite in their schemes and efforts against it, and Catholics may learn a lesson from their example.

THE death of Frederick William, of Cassel, ex-sovereign of Hesse, is the extinction of another, and the last representative of the "Holy Roman Empire in Germany." There is now no longer an "elector." The deceased was a person of no merit. One of the results of the Austro-Prussian conflicts and the consequent aggrandizement of Prussia was to deprive Frederick William of his principality and territorial possessions. He retired into Bohemia, and was allowed the proceeds of the crown lands for his maintenance. Subsequently protesting against his dethronement, his interest in the crown-lands was sequestered, and he was left to subsist on his private means.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

DAILY LIFE OF THE SICK (*La Journee des Malades*), or Consolation in the Hours of Suffering. By M. l'abbé Henri Perreyve with an introduction by Rev. L. Petetot, Superior of the Oratory. Translated from the French. Philadelphia: Peter F. Cunningham & Son. 1875.

Have any of our readers ever perused that most charming of lovers' memoirs, *Rosa Ferruci, her Life and Letters*? A compilation of love-letters, telling a sweetly sad story, yet so pure and exalted in its sentiments as to throw all the dignity of religion around a subject usually treated with levity, if not stained with the infectious breath of grosser passion, a book that proves that there is not only such a thing as Christian marriage, but also Christian *courtship*, and that under the refining influences of religion it can reflect the celestial interchanges of that exalted and pure love that thrills the bosoms of virgins and seraphs. To those who answer "Yes" to the above question we need only say here is another work from the pen of the biographer of *Rosa Ferruci*; and, presto! the critic's occupation is gone. We will not, therefore, attempt the pleasing labor of warmest commendation; we will simply say that, if *Rosa Ferruci* was beautiful, *La Journee des Malades* is sublime. 'Tis true, the subject of the latter is in a certain sense

more exalted, but then the author's labors were increased, from the fact that administering consolation to the sick, at all times, from the essential nature of the task, exceedingly difficult, has been rendered still more ungracious by the well-meaning but trite exhortations about "patience under affliction," "bearing the cross," etc., which have well-nigh lost their efficacy by being administered *ad nauseam*.

The charm of l'abbé Perreyve's work is not in the novelty of the ideas, but in the new departure from the beaten track which he takes, or rather the grace of genius so peculiar to him, in common with most French writers, of investing those ideas with a dextrous charm of sentiment, evolved from them with a newness and simplicity which is so common with French writers—so uncommon with those of every other tongue. All the *poetry of sickness* is dextrously drawn forth by the skilful touch of religion, till the sufferer's Calvary becomes glorified into a Tabor, and he can from his couch of anguish cry out, Lord, it is good for us to be here! Let it not be supposed, however, that the poetry of affliction is pressed from the pangs of suffering; that would indeed be a commonplace act, and prove but half the effect, and that the inferior portion of the work, for the patient could not display the resignation referred to until he has likewise been im-



pressed with the sanctifying properties of sickness, graces which hover as special guardian angels around the extended cross to which he is nailed.

The translation is well done, though done by a life-long sufferer, Mother St. John, of Chestnut Hill, and is appropriately dedicated to another invalid of many years, Mrs. Bernard Henry, of Germantown, formerly Miss Pauline Vanderkemp, a lady well known to the higher social circles of Philadelphia for her many graces of heart and head. We regret that want of space prevents us from giving a detailed review of the beauties of this work, but the attempt would be futile unless we had many pages at our command; we can, therefore, only add the wish that it may soon be found in every sick-room in the land.

**YOUNG FOLKS' HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.** By Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Boston: Lee & Shepherd. 1875.

We have received the specimen sheets of this book and are decidedly pleased with it. The theory of the book is briefly stated in the declaration of the publishers: That American history is in itself one of the most attractive of all subjects, and can be made interesting to old and young by being presented in a simple, clear, and graphic way, instead of that in which (up to the present time) most school histories have been written, which may be called the technical style. In this book only such names and dates are introduced as are necessary to secure a clear and definite thread of connected incident in the mind of the reader; and the space thus saved is devoted to illustrative traits and incidents, and the details of daily living. By this means, it is believed that much more may be conveyed, even of the philosophy of history, than where this is overlaid and hidden by a mass of mere statistics.

One means of securing fresh and graphic delineations has been the use, where practicable, of the original language of the historic personages themselves; their own vivid phrases affording a taste of the charm of those early narratives. To induce readers to pursue for themselves the interesting themes thus presented, a full list is given of books relating to each period, including poetry and fiction.

The author of this history is well known as a popular writer, and he has developed his theory in a style which proves his fitness for the task and earned our commendation. We are only disposed to question one portion of his statement, with regard to the treatment of the Jews in the Maryland colony, which is, we think, more captious than correct.

The woodcuts are very fine, and the entire style of publication reflects great credit on the house which puts it forth.

**DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES.** Edited by Professor W. H. Venable. Illustrations by Farney. Cincinnati and New York: Wilson, Hinkle & Co.

The author of this book has given fresh proofs of his fitness for his professional work in the good taste and judgment exhibited in this second volume of his dramatic readers, a book which supplies a long-perceptible vacuum in this kind of literature. The excellent illustrations, and other evidences of the publishers' proficiency, are worthy of more notice than we have space to give. The author, in his preface, expresses his thanks to our good friend, Mrs. Robert E. Rogers, of Cincinnati, for the use of her splendid collection of dramatic authors, and the lady and library are both eminently deserving of the graceful compliment.

We have received the following books from the respective publication houses:

**THE VEIL WITHDRAWN.** The beautiful translation of Madame Craven's "*Le Mot de l'Enigme*," which has been running through the pages of the *Catholic World*, and now published by the Catholic Publication Society, in book form, to correspond with the rest of the issue of the *World's* serials.

Also, **THE METROPOLITAN CATHOLIC ALMANAC FOR 1875**, with its usual store of valuable information and statistics, and this year prepared, it seems to us, with more than usual care and accuracy. D. & J. Sadlier, New York, publishers.

Also, **DR. NEWMAN'S LETTER TO THE DUKE OF NORFOLK**, in reply to Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet on the Vatican Decrees, which is, as usual with its learned author, an able and exhaustive review of the late premier's lucubrations. Catholic Publication Society, New York.

From P. O'Shea, New York, **THE STRAW-CUTTER'S DAUGHTER.** A neat little juvenile; edited by Lady Fullerton, and from the press of the Catholic Protectory, West Chester, *New York*. The twelfth annual report of that institution, which we commend to all our readers as likely to counteract the many falsehoods circulated by the Protestant press, about misappropriations of public funds to Catholic charities, is a report of which any Catholic may be proud.

For all of the above our thanks are due to P. F. Cunningham & Son, through whom they were received.

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